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THE FRONT PAGE

SHALL the yellow men from China and the brown men from Japan be allowed to enter and settle at will on the Pacific slopes of Canada?

Shall the yellow men be excluded by means of a five hundred dollar head-tax, while the brown men are admitted freely? The second query just about describes the present situation as it works out. Is the present arrangement all right, or is it all wrong or is it rightly described by saying that it is the best we can do under existing circumstances? Again, if present circumstances constrain us to accept conditions that we do not like, will the time ever come when we can deal with this matter as we choose?

These questions gain in importance every hour as a man journeys across Canada from the East and they loom large when he enters British Columbia. In the smoking rooms of the sleeping cars, in the hotel rotundas, in the clubs and at family dinner tables "the yellow question" comes up for discussion and soon crowds aside every lesser topic of conversation. The visitor to the Coast hears it threshed out over and over again; it is in every paper he picks up; it is in politics; it is the occasion for public meetings; it will be the big issue in the next Dominion election on the Pacific slope. Hon. Frank Oliver has just returned from the Coast where he went to hold his thumb on the popular pulse. Mr. Borden, the Conservative leader, will presently make the same journey for the same purpose. The political journals from Winnipeg to Victoria are manoeuvring to get party advantage out of an issue that so widely occupies men's minds and fevers their feelings.

This is going to be the hottest question that ever burnt the hands of Canadian politicians—if not within two years, within the next eight or ten.

It is going to reach this white heat, because within it burn several fires, and efforts to quench one will fan others into stronger flame. It is possible to keep out the Chinese if the people of British Columbia desire to exclude them, because China is as yet a cipher among nations. Not so Japan. Even before her war with Russia and before Great Britain had entered into a defensive alliance with her, an Imperial trade treaty existed that made it necessary for London to bring pressure to bear on Ottawa to veto British Columbia legislation, whether it excluded the Japanese, imposed a head-tax on them or prohibited them from being employed in mining or other occupations where their imperfect knowledge of English might make them a source of danger to white laborers. Since Japan's victory over Russia, and since the forming of her alliance with Great Britain, how can anything be done by Canada or any of her provinces that bears the appearance of containing the assertion that the little brown men in numbers small or large, are undesirable citizens? The protests sent from Tokyo to Washington over the school question in San Francisco show how prompt Japan is to assert the equality of her people with any race in the world. A Vancouver paper has offered a money prize for an answer to the question why it is that Australia can exclude the Japanese while British Columbia cannot. No doubt the answer is that the exclusion policy on the island continent was not that of a province only, but that of the Commonwealth. With us, if the Dominion of Canada passed an exclusion act it would hold good—that is to say Great Britain would not venture to veto it. Her trade treaty with Japan and her defensive alliance with that country were undertaken without anybody supposing it necessary to consult those colonies that are so rapidly becoming associate kingdoms under the crown. In the absence of any better plan Great Britain makes with other powers treaties that include the Empire, and lives up to these while she can persuade the associate kingdoms under the crown to abide by them, but when Canada won't or Australia won't, the treaties have to stretch and bend and change and fit somehow; for the maintenance of the Empire is more important than the life of any treaty.

When British Columbia can persuade Ottawa to pass the legislation that has been enacted in vain at Victoria, that legislation will hold good in London. And this is the move now under way. It is proposed to shift the question from the provincial to the federal arena.

NOT only is there a race prejudice against the yellow and brown men, but there is a laboring class antipathy to them. Organized labor makes of this its great fight. Yet it surprises the eastern men to discover that there is a more general objection to the Japanese than to the Chinese—not among white laborers, for they object with equal vehemence to the bringing in of Oriental labor of any kind. But one meets with many persons who say that the Chinese are more honest than the Japs, that they do a class of labor no white man wants to do, and are willing to keep on doing it throughout life. They enter domestic service and are extremely loyal. When a family has had a Chinese cook and has taught him all that is expected of him, that family never wants a white man or woman in the kitchen again. He is the most patient even-tempered and obliging of human creatures. He is always well, he is always on the spot, he forgets nothing that has once been regularly included in the routine of his duties. In the outskirts of Victoria I saw a farmer's wife and daughter driving into the city in a buggy, with a couple of cans of milk behind the seat while along the sidewalk now walked, now trotted their Chinaman. When the buggy stopped before a customer's house the Chinaman was there

to draw a quart of milk from the can and deliver it, and when the horse was pulled up at the next stop, John with his tireless canter, was again in readiness to play his part. In all kinds of humble employments scorned by white men John finds his place, serves with fidelity, and aspires to no higher post.

The Japanese make smart waiters and indeed are smart in anything they engage in, but they have no thought of resting content in inferior employments. They admit no inferiority, but would be rather inclined to claim a racial superiority to the whites. They are a people who, if lodged in British Columbia in large numbers would clan together, would be guided by good policy, and drive a brown wedge into this white nation. This year they are landing on the Pacific slope in shiploads and disappearing into the interior to engage in railway construction and

alien labor law in any such way, and the other is that no railway contractor in his senses would try to handle a thousand English pick and shovel men in the wilderness. The contractor and his gang would be at loggerheads long before the first pick or shovel was used. They tell me that English navvies away from home are the most unmanageable men in the world. They can do less work, formulate more complaints, organize more strikes, and drive more foremen crazy than any gang of men, white, brown, yellow or black that you can find on earth. Contractors who are themselves English are as ready to say this as others. Ask such a construction gang why they make so much trouble, and they will reply that they know their rights and are going to get them, but in fact, they demand rights that are impossible in railway construction and seem to adopt the theory that unless they are forced to strike they can

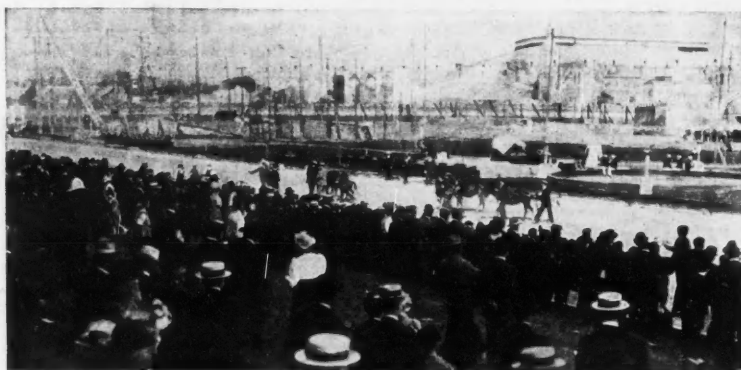
railways, orchards, and domestic service of the Pacific slope must have men from some source. It seems clear from the way the matter stands out there that organized labor will have to come to terms, or be ignored in the adjustment that will take place. What adjustment is possible? Before attempting to answer that question it may be explained that the soundest objection to the Japanese is that they will not come in as do other men, white or yellow, but if they enter in large numbers it will mean that Japan will co-optimize on our Pacific slope and will make good the rights of her people there. We will not wish to absorb them; they will refuse to be absorbed.

If the Japanese are to be kept out some kind of labor must be allowed in. For large construction enterprises it may be necessary to permit any kind of white labor to be brought in under contract supervised by Government. At present, and by some method, the alien labor law is being evaded as regards the Japs. It would be better to set it aside in favor of white men. Unless the merchant, professional and middle classes generally are to be ranged up against organized labor as this question reaches its acute stages, it may be advisable that as regards domestic service sufficient Chinese should be admitted to meet this need the Chinamen so admitted being licensed to fill certain grades of employment only. Few white women and no white men seek domestic service on the Coast—yet the work must be done.

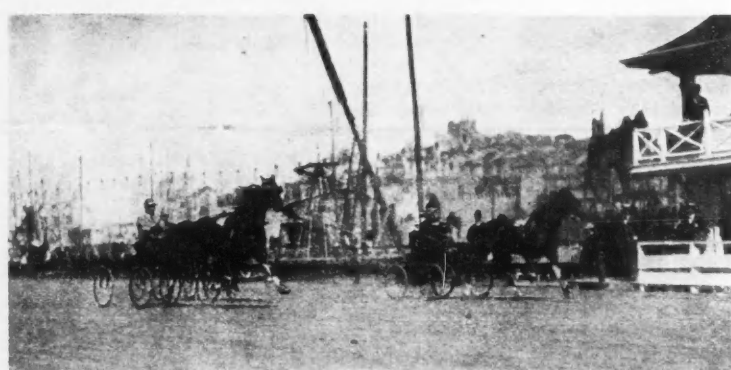
It will not do to oppose the bringing in of all kinds of labor—some kind of labor will be brought in.



LOOKING ACROSS THE LAWN TOWARD THE NEW AGRICULTURAL HALL



GENERAL VIEW FROM THE GRAND STAND



A "TRIAL OF SPEED" ON THE TRACK



LOOKING DOWN "THE MIDWAY," THE GRAND STAND IN THE DISTANCE

AT THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION

other large enterprises. A new lot of several hundred came down the gangway of a steamer from Honolulu the day I left Vancouver. Many more are to follow. The supposed restriction imposed by Japan on the numbers that are to come into Canada in any one year is being evaded in a way characteristically Japanese. Should these incomers be refused the right to land London alone knows what dire international consequences would follow. Yet where is British Columbia going to get laborers unless she accepts the workers that China and Japan offer? The Japs are coming in by thousands because they are wanted and are sent for. Railway contractors tell me that my suggestion that thousands of men could be brought out from the island under contract to do construction work, is not workable for two reasons—one is that organized labor would wreck the political party that dared set aside the

not have demanded all they are entitled to. At any rate, account for it as you will, railway contractors do not want large numbers of English pick and shovel men, because strife may interrupt progress at any moment. Swedes, Finns, Doukhobors, Italians, Japs and Chinese are preferred, and it is by no means explained by saying that such labor is cheaper than the English. Often it is not cheaper, but it is always surer. It may be added that when a proposal was made in British Columbia to shut out Oriental labor by allowing the importation under contract of white labor from England, organized labor killed it.

Organized labor in the Pacific province wants the Chinese excluded, the Japanese excluded, the Hindoos excluded, and no white labor imported from Europe. In a country such as theirs, situated as it is, they cannot permanently succeed in all these points. The fisheries mines,

sounds, and one fancies the noise resolves itself into words and he hears the voice of the river say: "I'll get you yet—I'll get you yet!"

But it is a great pity, and something of a reproach to the present generation, that the annuity to Harriet Fraser was not forthcoming sooner.

IN the wheat country out West everybody is weather-wise, and so entirely is the general welfare bound up in the grain fields that one finds the merchant and the professional man taking as sharp an interest in the temperature of a chilly night as any grain grower of them all. A stranger is so worked upon by the concern of those among whom he moves that he, too, soon finds himself critically examining each wheat field he passes to see whether the crop is in the milk or the dough, while every morning he is as anxious about the record of the thermometer as he is when in Toronto to learn how the stocks closed on the various markets. I was in Calgary over the night of Sunday, July 18, when several degrees of frost were recorded, and on leaving for Edmonton next morning, the sidewalks were a trifle sticky underfoot. What about the wheat? This was the question on all sides. It was plain that potato tops had been touched and had, in many places, withered under the cold hand of the common enemy. At each railway station the pleasing news was gathered that no damage had been done. On the night of the 19th in Edmonton merchants, on closing their shops, were observed stooping down to feel the sidewalks with their hands for trace of frost. The wealth of the West was outdoors—a matter of millions hung in the balance. Yet nothing could be done but speak well of the soil flatter the climate, prove by the calendar that within the experience of the oldest settler no frost had done serious damage at that particular time of the season. Thus the citizens of Edmonton cheered themselves to repose, and sure enough it was learned next morning that no damage had been done. The secretary of the Board of Trade had secured returns from many districts by noon, showing that the frost had been very slight and had done no injury. Coming down the C.N.R. from Edmonton to Winnipeg the same cheerful news was everywhere obtainable. Ordinarily there would have been no uneasiness at that time but 1907 has been cold and backward in all parts of Canada, and nobody felt quite sure what might happen next in a summer that has been so freakish, following upon a winter that was almost a record-breaker. However, as I have said before, no person who has lived in that country or has travelled over it, would lose faith in it even should it freeze hard as a stone. It is, it cannot help being a great country. Frost is no longer the Great Terror. It is now reduced to the status of a possible, but not a probable, evil that may fall upon the fields. As the cultivated area extends, the liability

ity to frost decreases. No person in all that country believes that a cycle of good years may be followed by a cycle of "frost" years.

An old inhabitant and prominent citizen of Edmonton told me of a body-blow that part of Alberta received many years ago before the climate began to conform to the needs of man. "Men said we were liars in those days when we told them of the great country we were opening up," he said. "And we had to be liars. No ordinary talk would make people believe how fertile and altogether desirable, could be a region so far away from the districts then undergoing settlement. We had to talk big and loud to get listeners. In those days to make people come so far we had to say whatever would fetch them, and we said it. Now it's different. Alberta is known everywhere." But sometimes the early pioneers told no more than the simple truth and encountered trouble. On one occasion a lot of them banded together in an effort to induce the C.P.R. to build a branch line to enable the settlers to ship hay to the Kootenay, where a demand for it existed. After much trouble they at last succeeded in inducing Mr. William White to come up from Winnipeg, accompanied by couple of other C.P.R. officials. The pioneers were jubilant, if chilly, for the eve of their triumph was strangely, unseasonably cold. Next day they were to show the distinguished visitors the waving hay-fields that were to supply fodder for the Kootenay but when the morning came they saw for the first and last time since the country was settled a summer fall of snow several inches deep. The visitors' footsteps crunched through the snow looking for hay, and the settlers looked in vain for the railway they had hoped for. I am told this was the last nasty trick the climate ever played on the founders of Edmonton. For years that city has been growing rapidly—its trade area has been extending until now it is the hub of an immense region that every citizen believes to be a land of promise.

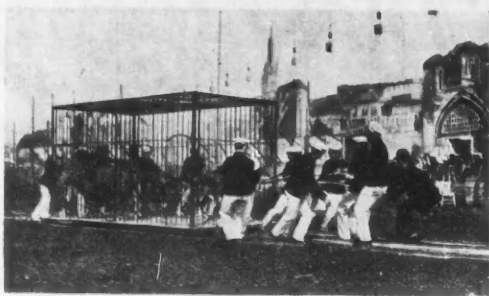
SOME of the most interesting stories that one hears at this time of the year are from returned tourists, and many of them have to do with those whose alleged business it is to suppress illegal fishing in the great lakes. As a matter of fact the whole system is a bluff, and such is the opinion that a man gathers wherever he happens to travel in the summer. The Liberals when in office did not suppress illegal fishing did not really try to. The Conservatives now in office are not suppressing it, and are not trying to. The people in the towns along the shores of the lakes are doing nothing to put an end to the slaughter of fish, and the politicians are not slow to see that if they desire to be popular along the margins of the great lakes their best course is to employ in the fishery protection service, men who will not make trouble, boats that can overtake nothing that floats and which pant and puff so that the experienced ear can be warned of their approach when miles away.

When the Whitney Government discharged all the fishery inspectors of Ontario in one night there was not a man living within sight of fresh water who did not take this as a sign that there would be a great change. "But politicians got busy. I am told that Conservative members representing constituencies fronting on the lakes took early occasion to warn the head office that if the laws were to be strictly enforced against illegal netting, it would mean a flow-over of the constituency at the next election. One of the new fishery overseers hit on a simple but effective idea. He seized fish in transit that had been illegally taken. He stopped the whole traffic as if it had been struck by lightning. But he lost his job. That one case pretty well shows that the Ontario Government does not want to shut the business down tight and allow no more of it. Too many people would be offended. Perhaps the overseer in question erred in details in applying his plan; but the plan itself was effective and could be so used as to give the fisheries of the province the protection the laws pretend to give, but which the makers of the laws are afraid to put into force. Another plan would be to hold the express companies responsible for carrying illegal shipments of fish. A story is told of an ex-officer of the service who, when in a lake port and walking about the docks, would be approached by any sailor who knew him, with the remark: "You had better not go near that boat?" "Why not?" the inspector would enquire. "Because there's a rattlesnake on board and it might bite ye." This alarming news sufficed to cause the inspector to keep away from that particular boat. He wasn't going to let a rattlesnake bite him. The trade in "rattlesnakes" needs to be looked into, and the fishery regulations should either be enforced or abolished.

QUITE a dispute has broken out in the party papers in various parts of Canada over the authorship of the phrase concerning the twentieth-century being that of Canada as the nineteenth was that of the United States. Sir Wilfrid Laurier used the words in a notable speech delivered by him in Massey Hall Toronto, in 1904, and in the past two or three years they have received a wide vogue as a compact expression by the Canadian Premier of Canada's whole outlook. It is not so much a phrase as an idea, instituting a handy comparison, one that can be as readily grasped by foreigners as by our own people, and giving to all a vest pocket measure by which to gauge that enormous development on which Canada is now fairly launched. If I seem to speak too fondly of the phrase, let it be remembered that I made it myself; or if I speak too admiringly of the idea let it not be forgotten that I saw its first faint glimmer, saw it glow into its full proportions, wrought it out in ink and fixed it on white paper for men to think over. As the mother kisses the eyebrows and pink toes of her baby, so the thinker of a thought admires its points. A poet will dote on a line far into the night. However, a man who writes prose should not be foolish, and without any shadow of doubt it may be said that the particular phrase in question was worth a great deal more to Canada for advertising purposes while it was circulating the world as the word of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, than it will be after having been the subject of a somewhat petty dispute.

Some papers attribute the first use of the phrase to Mr. George Johnston, ex-Dominion statistician, in a despatch he sent out from Ottawa, at the first of January, 1901. This may be quite true. Others attribute the first use of the idea to the present editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, while doing editorial work on the Toronto Star three or four years before Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech in Massey Hall. My recollection is that I used the phrase much earlier than January 21 1901, but I have been shown a copy of The Star of that date containing an article of mine under the caption "The Twentieth Century is Hatched to Canada." The leader was of more than a column's length, and concluded with these words: "The twentieth century is hatched to Canada and will bring this country to the front, just as the nineteenth century did with the United States."

Being an optimist by occupation, I wrote in that strain



Bringing the lions on the stage.



Judging ponies and riders.

BEFORE THE GRAND STAND AT THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION

in an effort to cheer up a country that had long been getting bumps that she did not deserve, and seemed slow to acquire faith in herself, abundant although the grounds were for a very robust faith. But I agree unreservedly with The Globe in saying on Saturday last that the same idea may have occurred to several persons because it had to do with obvious facts. The acceptance that the phrase meets with is not due to any happiness in its wording but because it draws a pleasing inference from a set of facts so obvious as to be apparent to all. Indeed, The Globe goes on to say, "the fact is that during the last half dozen years of the century that great Canadian, who in all the qualities of great statesmanship was the peer of any man in Parliament, the late Dr. James Robertson, superintendent of missions in Western Canada, was in the habit of giving point and emphasis to his appeals with the declaration that 'the nineteenth century has been the century of the development of the United States, but the twentieth century will belong to Canada.'"

According to this statement the late Dr. Robertson saw the idea first, unless preceding him were ten or twenty others as yet unheard from. But this case was not required to remind us that the same thought may come to many minds at about the same time. In short, an idea may be the child of time and circumstance, and when it arrives may be plainly seen by all who look.

MACK.

To Canada.

From a party of British Journalists, after a tour through the Dominion, in July 2nd-Aug. 30, 1907.

WIDESPREAD rise your rich domains,
Holding captive stranger eyes—
Garden kingdoms, golden plains,
Flow'ring under urbane skies;
Virgin forests, fruitful kine,
Clustered homesteads, homesteads lone,
Lusty towns of scattered line,
Where men call their souls their own.
Verdant deeps, majestic heights,
Flank your vails in vistas dim;
Tumbling falls in endless flights
Roar and crash an endless hymn.

Scenic splendors of our earth,
Lost in cloud-veiled distances,
Shed their glory o'er your girth,
Royal in their radiance,
Earth's abundance fills your lap,
Earth's strong contours line your face,
In your veins Earth's richest sap
Fits you for the nation's race—
Fits you ten-fold by the tale
Told by prairie, forest, glen,
Canyon, rugged mount—the trail
Trodden by your hardy men!

Yes! Unmeasured gifts from God
Mark you chosen of His call;
But the men who turned your sod
Are the greatest gift of all.
Wanderers, they sought your shore;
Open-armed, you took them in;
Law and ruthless Life they bore.
Smiles of Mother Earth to win,
Largess from her boundless hoards
Freely poured she in their hands—
Poor no more are they, but lords
Of themselves, lords of their land.

This the thought we carry home,
This the burden of our pen—
Far-flung under Heaven's dome,
You a builder are of men,
From their eyes a new world's dawn
Glow on each newcomer's heart—
Sinew, bone and brain are drawn
Steadfastly to do their part.
Thus our tribute to your land,
For your distant brethren runs—
Crowning all your glories stand
Foremost your adopted sons!

H. J. ELLIOTT.

Those "Popular Ladies" Abroad.

A CANADIAN at present in England sends us a clipping from an English journal giving some "candid comments" made by the eleven "maple blossoms" sent to the Old Country as a result of the popularity contest conducted by the Toronto World. Our correspondent says that remarks like these made under such circumstances tend to make a Canadian blush to confess his name and country. However, he should reflect that "the girls were, perhaps, wholly unaware that their chatter at Liverpool would appear in the English press. The clipping is as follows:

The party of eleven Toronto young ladies who, as a reward for success in a "popularity competition" promoted by a Canadian journal, have been treated to a trip to the Old Country, left Liverpool yesterday on their return by the Allan Line mail steamer Virginian. Conversing with our correspondent while grouped on the promenade deck, these bright Canadian girls frankly confessed that they would like to stay "another week," although declaring in the next breath, with delightful feminine inconsistency, that they were glad to be nearing home again. "London is very wonderful," said one, thoughtfully, "and very crowded, and very old but it is not to be compared to Toronto city. London buildings are all so very flat, and low, and ugly." Then another independent young lady joined in the conversation with "Yes and we saw the House of Lords and House of Commons. I don't think much of the Lords, with their la-di-da style and their eye-glasses stuck in the eye. There are some fine speakers in the Commons. Every one of the half-dozen we heard spoke heaps better than the two Peers whose speeches we listened to." Some-

how the talk drifted to dress, when the third of these frank Canadian lassies broke off humming a song to declare, with a frown "Oh! English ladies don't know how to dress. They're all awfully dowdy." Referring to their trip to Paris, where they were entertained to luncheon by the Hon. W. S. Fielding, Canadian Minister of Finance, then a visitor to the French capital, this same young lady who so wholeheartedly condemned the taste in dress of English women added: "We really had no chance of observing French women's dress, because we were in Paris such a short time, and most Parisians were away on holidays." English railway engines and carriages she thought "remarkably tiny things," but of the country through which they travelled this lady spoke with enthusiasm. "It is like one great garden, and I should like to see more of it. We've had a jolly time, but rather a rush. We all started to keep diaries, but I don't think any of us has kept it up. I'm sure mine is at least five days behind," a fact which speaks eloquently of the energy of these Canadian ladies in the pleasures of sightseeing when it is remembered that they have been in England just one week.

A CURIOUS little incident is related by a lady who has just returned to Toronto from her summer home on the Georgian Bay. The cottage was being set in order for the winter, and in moving some boxes in an unused corner of the dining-room a field mouse's nest was disturbed. Something started to run up the wall and the lady screamed. Other members of the family rushed to the spot and saw a mother mouse hurrying up the wall, while five young ones, gripping her tail in their mouths, clung to her, and using their feet tried to work their passage. When the mother mouse turned near the ceiling one of the little ones lost its hold and fell to the floor, and a few seconds later another tumbled. But the mother got safely away with three of her family. The young daughter of the household made a bed of cotton wool for the two unlucky mice and left them at a point where the mother, if she returned could find them.

IT is said that Lord and Lady Aberdeen still cherish affection for this country. The story is told of a Canadian visitor to Dublin who the other day let slip some slighting remark about "you English people." "Please don't forget," interrupted Lady Aberdeen, "we are Canadians." And she added: "You see my husband is allowed no privilege over here. In Canada he has a vote being a Canadian farmer (by virtue of his Okanagan fruit farm); in England he is classed with minors, women and paupers, and he doesn't like it. So we're still Canadians, whether we live in Canada or not."

LIKE the Trojan war, the great telegraphers' strike in the United States and Canada owed its beginning to a woman. This modern conflict was precipitated by the discharge of a Los Angeles operator, named Ryan, for an alleged insult to Mrs. Sadie Nichols, who worked a key in the Oakland (Cal.) office of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Ryan denied the accusation and his union mates stood by him, with the result that upward of twenty thousand men and women employed by the Western Union and Postal companies were drawn into the dispute and left their work, causing a loss to capital and labor of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

SOME United States observers are we see, waking up to the importance of the Canadian movement for an export duty on pulpwood, says The Canadian Gazette. That Canada must do something, and that soon, is quite clear. United States paper makers now obtain large quantities of logs from Canada at great expense. As the New York Sun points out: Wisconsin paper mills are buying pulpwood in Quebec, 1,200 miles away. The situation is a little better in northern New York and northern New England, but even in those regions the end of the United States supply is immediately in sight. Realizing this fact a number of the large paper companies have bought extensive tracts in Canada and are busily cutting on them. One company owns about 3,000 square miles, another owns about 2,200 square miles, and there are others with smaller holdings. Canadian manufacturers are themselves large consumers of pulp, and, despite the extent of Canada's spruce forests, there are already fears of scarcity in the not distant future. Of course only the Dominion Government can impose duties, and the United States might retaliate by a heavy duty on Canadian pulp to the detriment of large Canadian interests. But something must be done to preserve to Canadian industrialism this invaluable raw material. Much might, no doubt, be done by the conversation of existing forests, though here again many private interests would be encountered. It is, in any case, interesting to note the admission of the New York Sun that the United States must dance to the tune that Canada pipes.

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- (2) Because its plans of insurance are up-to-date and just what the insuring public requires.
- (3) Because its policyholders are eminently well satisfied with the results realized under their policies.
- (4) Because the general public is beginning to find out the good things the Company has in store for its policyholders, and
- (5) Because, being purely mutual, its policyholders are more than customers—they are co-partners in the Company—sharing equitably in all its benefits.

Head Office - Waterloo, Ont.

The refinement of humiliation, says Life, is this: To shout in your wildest tones "Fore!" to those playing one hundred and fifty yards in advance and then, when they have scurried to cover, drive the ball three yards two feet and seven inches.

Cocktails are not exactly unmixed evils.—Life.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. JAMES D. ALLAN
Toronto

TORONTO, SEPT. 5.
THE action of the stock markets indicates a slight improvement in the outlook for money. The statement has been made this week in banking circles that the acute state in the stringency in money has been passed, and that for a few months at least easier conditions will prevail. Local bankers, however, are not of one mind in this belief. Some say they fail to see any change as yet, and that the stringency is likely to last during the ordinary crop-moving season, which will likely run into November. Those who think that the worst is over base their calculations upon the general theory that it is the unforeseen and not the foreseen events that bring about disaster. When danger is scented ahead, and there is time to make preparation to meet it, it is surprising how docile the monster becomes. Applying this theory to the money market, it seems only reasonable that the precautions already taken must have gone a great way towards strengthening the situation, and after all the distress anticipated may already have partly or wholly passed away. For months at least our bankers have been confronted with a very serious financial problem. It has been only too apparent that immediate action was necessary to avert disaster, and the only way open was liquidation. This contraction of credit has been severely felt in business circles, but at the same time it was found necessary under the circumstances, and the general situation has been improved.

It was the speculator in securities who first felt the pinch, and now it has extended to the business people. The speculator took his medicine "like a man," but not so the business man. All over the country, the Canadian bankers are being abused and criticized by the men in trade. And there is but little doubt that our banking act is open to criticism. In this column we have upheld the action of some of our bankers in keeping large amounts of Canadian money as a reserve in foreign countries, and at the same time have pointed out that a different method could be pursued which would enable our banks to hold their reserves in this country. There has recently been a great deal of cheap talk by irresponsible bankers in interviews with the press on this subject, but to the credit perhaps of those in authority little has been said. The irresponsible banker says that, firstly, the primary duty of the bank is to look after the shareholders, and, secondly, that the \$60,000,000 of Canadian money "on call" in New York is held there because it can be obtainable on a day's notice. The inference is that the money is strictly "on call" there, whereas in Canada it is a farce to say money is lent "on call," although nearly \$50,000,000 is designated as such.

With regard to the first duty of banks, the public take it that these institutions received their charters from the Government on the understanding that trade and commerce would be facilitated and promoted thereby. The protection of the public comes next, and, lastly, the shareholder or proprietor. Now, with regard to the \$60,000,000 of Canadian money "on call" outside Canada. This we presume, is chiefly in New York. No man who watches the money markets closely believes that this \$60,000,000 is strictly "on call" in New York. Call money in the United States metropolis for several months past has ranged at 1½ to 4 per cent. per annum, the lowest rates in years. The average rate during July and August was rather under than above 3 per cent. If this was strictly "call money" say averaging 3 per cent. per annum, how comes it that the Bank of Montreal and other Canadian institutions increased their amount under the caption over \$5,000,000 in the month of July, when money in Canada was easily worth 7 per cent., and more? A year ago "call" money in New York ruled at 7 to 40 per cent., and the amount our banks held there was less than \$54,000,000. Anyone could at that time see the advantage of our banks holding their surpluses there, but at present it is rather perplexing to the lay mind. It may be stated that "time" loans in New York have been unusually stiff the past six months, while "call" loans have been unusually easy. "Time" loans ranged from 6 to 7 per cent., while "call" money did not average over 3 per cent. The difference in the rate between these two classes of loans is so striking that it is difficult to believe that all or even the greater proportion of the \$60,000,000 could be strictly termed "on call."

In two weeks Europe has emerged from the valley of despair to moderate heights of optimism. This change has been brought about partly by Gold Supply, psychological reasons, but more largely by an improvement in fundamental financial conditions. The threatened rise in the Bank of England rate to 5 per cent. the accomplishment of which would inevitably have led to a higher rate in Germany, has been averted without involving injury to reserves, these being approximately 50 per cent. The principal banks of Europe are to-day carrying more bullion than they did a year ago, as the following table shows:

	To-day	Year Ago
England	£37,668,457	£38,514,765
France	151,033,480	158,810,714
Germany	46,834,000	47,511,000
Russia	124,002,000	116,822,000
Austria-Hungary	57,619,000	59,357,000
Spain	41,334,000	40,073,000
Italy	39,252,700	33,599,800
Netherlands	11,645,800	11,265,700
Nat. Belgium	4,819,000	4,983,000
Sweden	4,249,000	3,880,000
Total	£518,547,437	£514,816,979

General trade has not been as active of late, especially in outside towns and cities. The National Exhibition attracted large crowds to Toronto, and travellers for our wholesale houses have been kept at home, meeting many of their customers in the warehouse. Aside from the dearth of money, the feeling as a whole is fairly satisfactory among business men. While the harvest in this province has been small-

er than for some years, many think that the higher prices will make up for the smaller quantity of grain. The scarcity of feed, however, is feared, and the improvident farmer, it is said, will be compelled to sell a portion of his live stock. With respect to the retail trade, the statement is made that general stocks in the country are large. Many merchants were induced to buy goods last season far beyond actual necessities owing to the advancing prices. The incautious merchant the year before, saw his mistake in not buying liberally when prices were relatively low, but laid in danger stocks last season on the advance. An active business at firm prices must necessarily be done this autumn to straighten out matters. Consequently we hear of bright anticipations. It is hoped they will be realized.

The situation is sized up in New York by a correspondent as follows: The money condition still remains strained and tense. The brunt of this is falling on commercial interests. Wall Street with loans down and well fortified, is probably the strongest spot in the United States. Commercial paper is practically barred—only best names in limited amounts and at highest rates being salable. This class of paper which was disposed of in the past months in the market and matures a little later will not be renewed, and will have to be met by payment. The borrowers will consequently have to arrange with home banks for further credits. The strain will thus extend to the interior. Under the pressure some disasters will naturally follow. While the outlook is not cheerful, it is nevertheless being handled with the utmost care and, with Treasury help continuing, it is expected that the critical period until January will be bridged over.

Wealth of the Yukon Creeks.

THE Canadian Government has had an examination made of the gold-producing districts of the Yukon to see what amount of gold was still to be gained from gravel banks, hill sides and valleys, where the pioneer miner with placer methods had been at work. Four experts who spent a season sampling, surveying, boring and measuring the gravels, estimate that there is still almost \$64,000,000 gold to be taken, from the gravels, from which \$19,000,000 has been taken. The miners up to the present have been getting gold from rich gravels by crude placer methods. To recover what is still scattered through the soil, there will have to be applied such advanced methods of mining as hydraulic washing and dredging.

The report also states that the estimate of the output may have to be revised as new discoveries are probable, though they are not likely to be large. A careful examination was made of Upper Bonanza hills, Klondike River Hill gravels, Hunter Creek hills, and Eldorado, Bonanza, Bear and Hunter creeks. They have yielded \$94,750,000 gold, and it is estimated they still hold \$53,642,620. A less thorough examination was made of the Indian River slope, which has yielded \$24,250,000, and from which it is estimated there is still to be won from \$8,000,000 to \$10,000,000, making the total assured future output about \$64,000,000.

The examination and report was made by Mr. R. G. McConnell, of the Geological Survey, assisted by Messrs. Keele (a geologist), F. H. McLaren and F. O'Farrell (topographers).

The report gives an interesting statement of variations in gold values. It says: "Klondike gold varies greatly in grade not only on different creeks, but also, along different portions of the same creek. The difference of grade is due to the gold being in all cases alloyed with silver in varying proportions. The lowest grade gold camp occurs in Big Shookum and Henry Gulches, and has a value of about \$12.50 per ounce. The highest grade gold on the Klondike creeks is found on Upper Hunker Creek, where assays occasionally exceed \$17.50 per oz. The gold from Gold Run Creek on the Indian River slope averages over \$17.50 per ounce and assays at \$17.75 per ounce are reported from all Gold Creek. The average value of all gold shipped from the Camp in 1905, according to the U. S. mint returns amounted to \$16.02 in gold and \$10.94 in silver per ounce. In the lowest grade gold the silver almost equals the gold in volume, the ratio being 1 to 1.4. In the high grade gold the ratio is 1 to 5, and the general average is 1 to 2.3. In value the ratio of silver to gold is very small, the proportion calculated from a number of returns being approximately 1 to 150. The total gold production of the camp is estimated at \$119,000,000 and the silver at \$793,000."

The topographical section of the General Staff of the British War Office has issued the first four sheets of a new map of Canada, on a scale of one inch to the mile, based on surveys now being carried out by the Canadian Militia Department. The map, when finished, will be far superior to anything of the kind yet produced; but though the War Office hopes to publish twelve sheets a year, it will take some time to complete the work. The present sheets include the whole of the Niagara peninsula in Southern Ontario, with portions of the coast line of Lakes Ontario and Erie. The scale on which the maps are drawn admits of a careful and accurate representation of the natural features of the country, and the engraving has been admirably executed.

The Earl of Strathbrooke, who has been in Canada superintending the work of the British artillery team, is keenly interested in hunting—not only fox hunting, but also his own pack of Henham Harriers, which he has hunted from Henham for twenty years on lines which are very popular in the country. The Henham kennels are on a large scale. The seat has been in the family for three centuries.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell has ordered from Lapland a herd of three hundred tame reindeer for Labrador and has chartered a steamer for their conveyance thither. Arrangements for a subsidy by the Newfoundland Government are now under consideration.

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Deposits of any amount accepted and interest paid 4 times a year at highest current rate.

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QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

The Crown Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 7

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank, and that the same will be payable at the head office and branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1907.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th September, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

G. DE C. O'GRADY,

General Manager.

Toronto, 27th August, 1907.

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The Dominion Express Company also issues FOREIGN CHEQUES at current rates, payable in all the commercial countries of the world in the money of the country on which drawn.

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is one of the purest and most useful oils known and is a very valuable article of diet.

But pureness is not all, as even pure oils differ in quality.

It is this feature of "Quality" to which we give special attention, and we have several good brands for your selection.

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TORONTO

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NEW Telephone Directory

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada, Limited
is about to issue

A New Subscribers' Directory

for the City of Toronto and suburbs.

Orders for new connections, changes of street addresses, changes of firm names or for duplicate entries, should be handed in AT ONCE to

K. J. DUNSTAN

Local Manager.

Tenders for a Supply of Flags for Rural Schools

TENDERS, accompanied by samples, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supply of Flags," will be received at the Department of Education, Toronto, up to and including Wednesday, September 11, 1907, for a supply of Flags (Union Jack with Dominion Coat-of-Arms) for the Rural Schools in the Province of Ontario.
Full information concerning the size, quality, etc., of the Flags required can be obtained at the Department of Education, Toronto.
An accepted check on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Education, for five hundred dollars (\$500.00), must accompany each tender as security deposit for the carrying out of the contract.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

C. W. JAMES,

Secretary Department of Education,
Toronto, 26th August, 1907.
Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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Capital Authorized \$10,000,000.00
Capital Paid-Up - \$4,830,000.00
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Guardian Assurance Co.
LIMITED
Funds: Thirty Million Dollars
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'cause I wear 'C.M.C.'
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The old style fasteners, that
tear stockings and scratch
baby's fingers, are done away
with—and in their place is a
simple clasp that fastens firmly
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Manufacturers, Toronto
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In every conceivable point Diamond
Hall's engraved Wedding Station-
ery and visiting cards excel.

THE engraving is the most artistic,
each letter being beautifully cut
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COMBINED with expert presswork
and the use of only the highest
grade materials, our productions are
placed "In a class by themselves."

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Wedding
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from Webb's are un-
equalled for fine quality
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They are shipped by
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Canada, safe arrival guar-
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447 Yonge St., Toronto

Social and Personal

LADY HOWLAND and her daughter, Miss Bessie Bethune, are at the Queen's. I hear they are very busy with *les chiffons* and that Miss Bethune's marriage to Rev. Thomas Campbell of Cincinnati will be one of the happy events of the near future. Mr. Campbell was in town last week on a short visit, and those who had the pleasure of meeting him are saying very nice things.

Mr. and Mrs. Haas' new home in St. George street is getting ready for their immediate occupancy. Mrs. Haas came up from Cobourg last week, and was with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hees, over Sunday.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee and Mrs. Charles Selwyn and her little ones will not be starting for Europe until the middle of October. Mrs. Selwyn will rejoin Major Selwyn in India, and Mrs. Lee will accompany her part of the way.

Mrs. Salter Jarvis and Miss Jarvis returned last week from a summer sojourn at Georgian Bay and Muskoka.

Miss Dawson returned from the St. Lawrence last week.

The dance at the Argonaut's Club on Monday night was not quite so largely attended as others, but was thoroughly enjoyable. There were only young people on hand, and the floor and music were all that heart could desire. It was surprising what good two steps and waltzes were played by the pianist and the cymbal and drum artist. The time was beautifully marked. Most of the pretty young girls were in white. Miss Ethelwyn Gibson was charming in pale blue skirt and bretelles with white blouse and hat wreathed with large roses. Miss Sheppard was dainty in a pale green mull frock. Others in various smart white gowns and all blooming in their first youth were taken good care of by the gallant Argos, who are always good hosts.

Mrs. Armstrong of Arnprior and her two daughters have been spending some time *en pension* in St. George street.

Mr. Stuart Grier returned from his vacation this week.

Preparations for a big dance in honor of the *debut* of a fair maiden on the east side, are already *en train*. I hear the affair will probably open the season, and most auspiciously.

On Friday of last week Sir William and Lady Mulock entertained at dinner at the Hunt Club, in honor of some visitors in town. Covers were laid for twenty-four, and the festive board was handsomely decorated with huge bowls of gladioli. On the previous evening Mr. Osborne had a jolly small dinner at the Hunt Club, and on Saturday night the usual gathering took place.

Mr. and Mrs. Brittain of London, England, left on Saturday for Winnipeg, via Lake Superior boat from Collingwood. They expect to be back in Toronto on their way home to England this month.

The organ recitals in the Metropolitan church for the past ten nights have given great pleasure. Mr. Wheelton, of Chelsea, who arrived recently to take the great new organ has a Cambridge degree and has been playing in Chelsea. The various excellences of the magnificent instrument have been demonstrated to all who have heard Mr. Wheelton play. It is the gift of Mrs. Massey-Treble to the church, a truly royal present.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee will take Mrs. Walter S. Lee's cosy home, 64 Madison avenue, during her absence in Europe this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have returned to town. While away down East they celebrated their silver wedding.

Mr. Edward Greig returned from his vacation last week.

The Atherly motor car is a beauty and takes a place among the smart new cars this fall.

Dr. Frank W. How has left for a few weeks' trip to Eastern Quebec.

Mrs. G. W. Prescott and Miss Prescott of Huron street sailed last week for an extended tour in England and on the continent. Mr. Prescott went to Montreal to bid them *bon voyage*.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Ingersoll Campbell, daughter of the late William A. Campbell, Chatham, Ont., and granddaughter of the late Col. James Ingersoll of Woodstock, to Mr. Langton Cutler of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wellington arrived on the Empress of Ireland from a two months' stay in England and the continent.

Mrs. Percy Marling of University street, Montreal, is spending a few days as the guest of Mrs. Charles Townsend Roseair, Crescent road, Rosedale, where she has been meeting many friends of former years when she was a resident of Toronto.

The fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club is the next large gathering of the sporting and social world. The Woodbine devotees are already looking eagerly forward to the races, and as September has been promised fine weather, there is every prospect of a good time.

Colonel and Mrs. Gordon, who spent a short visit in Toronto, left last week, having made many friends since their arrival out from India.

Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Ribout and their son and daughter are returning to England immediately. Friends of the family have realized the flight of time on seeing the tall young daughter, Miss Leonie, who bids fair to be a beautiful debutante in a very few years.

Compliments have been flying as thick as confetti at a smart wedding about the heads of the president and directors of the Only Exhibition all this week. Every variety of applause, from the quiet Scotch "no bad" to the enthusiastic "greatest thing I ever saw" of some whole-souled republican, has been offered. And while each visi-

tor has his or her pet exhibit, I humbly put forward that scrap of brown contentment and happy nakedness the Filipino baby. Clad in a tiny white blazer with four pockets, and not another stitch, he has played about oblivious of staring crowds, gathering scraps of paper for his small bonfire, careering under the shadow of a fat man, darting into the scandalized sight of a prim old maid, always busy and amiable, until worn out and sleepy he creeps close to his mother and is stripped of his jacket, rolled in a shawl and slung to rest on her back!

Dr. and Mrs. D. King Smith are very cosily settled in their pretty new home in Wellesley street.

One of the most perfect and charming of Canadian suburban residences is the new country mansion of Mr. D. D. Mann, which stands far back from the Kingston road, adjoining the Hunt Club property on the high cliffs of Scarborough. English looking gates and a broad straight drive lead to the entrance, and without and within there is nothing to be desired to add to its beauty.

Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. Arthurs of Ravenwood, and Mrs. Sydney Greene are enjoying their tour abroad, which I believe will be of considerable duration.

Professor and Mrs. McGregor Young are still at their country quarters, where they have enjoyed the summer.

"What Toronto wants very badly," said a charming widow to her spinster woman friend, "is a good private hotel that would appeal to ladies of moderate means, such as you and I. There is really now no place we care to live in without taking too much care upon our shoulders." And the spinster friend sighed: "If some one would only start that sort of hotel, I'd be glad."

Mr. Shaw a nephew of Mrs. Wallbridge, arrived out from Scotland on a visit to his relatives a few days ago. He is a lover of sport, and hopes to have good fishing and shooting before his return.

Miss Edith Holland returned from Muskoka last week. Mr. and Mrs. Holland are removing from their present home in Deer Park to Treherne, the Hoskins residence, which they have taken.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Strachan Johnston and their family returned from their summer sojourn to their home in Rosedale last week.

Hon. Mr. Richards of British Columbia was a visitor for luncheon and a round of golf at the Lambton Club last Saturday. It was an ideal golfing day, and the splendid links aroused the admiration of the westerner.

Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh sailed for Canada on Thursday, accompanied by Mrs. Fisk (*nee* Beardmore) of Montreal with whom he has been abroad all summer.

A couple of weddings which were to have taken place this month have been postponed. One of the postponements is, I hear, until Christmas. The other is *sine die*.

Baron St. Elmo des Champ, who has as usual spent his vacation in France, has during his absence suffered the loss of his father, who died on the eve of returning to France after a trip to northern Africa.

A beautiful and exemplary life was ended on Monday on the death of the Rev. T. C. DesBarres, after an illness of some weeks. This much esteemed clergyman was for many years rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, but some time ago retired. His amiable wife predeceased him by about a year, and one daughter Margaret, who was devoted to her parents, with a son, a clergyman in England survive. Mr. DesBarres, during his long ministry in Toronto had been the friend, adviser and consoler in prosperity and adversity of such a host of well-known families that a great many will mourn his loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock have returned from Swainscott, Me.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Welsman are back from their holidays. Dr. and Mrs. Allan Baines have returned from England. Dr. and Mrs. Howitt have returned from the seashore. Dr. J. G. Cavan is back from Lake of Bays.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bell of Chatham and their three children have come to Toronto to reside and will take up house as soon as they find a residence to suit them.

Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower is still confined to her room and unable to see the friends who enquire for her. Her long life of sweet consideration and kindness to all easily explains the many regrets that she is no longer able to be up and about, full of interest and good works.

A case of frenzied finance in which an impecunious suitor borrowed from a friend the wherewithal to take the friend's daughter out to luncheon is a recent laughable occurrence of which I heard.

A certain pretty little actress is having a dandy time since she arrived in this kindly burg, and probably doesn't care if her show extends its stay even beyond the fortnight it has now run here.

The fact that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who will celebrate his seventy-first birthday in September, is not only Premier, but also Father of the House of Commons, invites comparison with the ages of other prime ministers of the past, says Tit-Bits. Mr. Balfour will only be fifty-nine on the twenty-fifth of the present month, at which age, curiously enough, Mr. Gladstone first succeeded to the premiership. It was not until nearly thirty years later that the "G. O. M." passed away, and broke the record which had been held by Lord Sidmouth, who died at the age of more than eighty-six. Other octogenarian premiers were Earl Russell, who nearly completed his eighty-sixth year, and to the last strenuously advocated popular measures, in spite of the nickname of "Finality Jack" which was bestowed upon him, and his declaration in favor of "resting and be thankful," the Iron Duke, who lived to celebrate his eighty-second birthday, and Lord Palmerston and Earl Grey, who both died at eighty-one. Of the other Prime Ministers of the Queen who are dead, Disraeli's age was seventy-seven, the Earl of Aberdeen's seventy-six, the Earl of Derby's seventy, Viscount Melbourne's sixty-nine, and Sir Robert Peel's sixty-two.

SAVE SAFELY

Having decided to spend less than you earn and to save the surplus, the next step is to deposit the surplus in a strong, safe financial institution, where it will be absolutely safe and earn a fair rate of interest. This should be done regularly and systematically. Whatever you can spare from your weekly or monthly income, if only a dollar, should be immediately deposited to your credit. Open an account now—one dollar will do it—and add to it at regular intervals. Saving will thus become a habit, and your surplus will be safe and growing.

Three and one-half per cent. interest will be credited to the account
FOUR TIMES A YEAR
CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION
TORONTO ST., TORONTO.

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will find **COOK'S Turkish and Russian Baths** the best place to stay at while in Toronto, open day and night, excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms.

A dainty bill of fare served at all hours.

Bath, including bed \$1.00. Room 50c. extra.

202-204 KING ST. WEST

Beautiful Women
and Their Hair

At all times, and still more so in our present days, women's charms and attractiveness are greatly governed by a suitable arrangement of the hair. The reign of Louis XVI of France and his beautiful Queen Marie Antoinette recalls a time of luxuriant splendor. Elaborate Coiffures were predominant, and a profusion of curls, puffs, coils, etc., created a historic fashion still admired to-day. Still to-day we create with the aid of additional hair the desired effects or fill the defects, according to fashion or necessity. Fronts, Pompadours, Transformations, Wigs, Puffs, Coils, Coils are aids of beauty which the French hairdresser, with his natural talent and his test, knows how to use to the best advantage.

Write for our Illustrated Catalogue.

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The Bon Ton Switch

In a short while it will be all the rage. Get in with the leaders.

Beautiful Hair Pieces

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Where Fashion

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The following comprise but a few of our large and varied assortments of Clarets:

Supplier & Co.	Per Case	Quart.	Pint.
Hanappier & Co.	6.00	50	30
Clos. St. Charles	6.00	50	30
Chateau Du Roi	7.75	75	40
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Pontet Calet	14.00	1.25	75
Chateau Du Valon (1881)			

These Wines are bottled specially for us at Hanappier & Co.'s Vineyards, Bordeaux.

THE WM. MARA CO.
VAULTS—71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St.
and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E. WINE MERCHANTS
79 YONGE ST., TORONTO

LIOLA
CREAM

Will make the skin smooth, soft and white and preserve it from the action of drying winds.

W. H. LEE

KING EDWARD DRUG STORE

Church and Wellesley Sts.

Aviation Road and Macpherson Ave.

Comfort-shaped
Perfectly-cut, doubly-sewn, wear-resisting—collars worth their price.
The ARGO, pictured here, is ideally shaped for hold-y ease, yet fulfils style's demands. Smart with large, soft b w or four-in-hand, knotted



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loosely. Spaced 3/4 inch at top, 4 1/2 between points. Cattle Brand (collar perfection) 8 for 50c. Also in Elk Brand (best 2 for 50c. collar made), named Mohawk. Get full value and Demand the Brand

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions enumerated therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORRY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Mark Twain at Home.
Chris. Healy, in the Grand Magazine.

HE lives in a quiet house at the lower end of Fifth avenue, not far from Washington Square, which is immortally associated with the stories of young writers and artists who are making their first entry into the Bohemia of "little old New York." If admiration of his work were a passport to the presence of America's greatest writer, then practically the reading population of two worlds would be passing up and down his doorstep. But like his contemporary, George Meredith, Mark Twain lives a life of rare seclusion, and great, indeed, must be the claims or good fortune of the man or woman who reaches his magic presence.

To interview the man who wrote "Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," and the "Jumping Frog!"

An interview with President Roosevelt was an easy matter in comparison. It has been my privilege to meet many men and women whom the world has agreed to call great—or no'orious; but all that seemed trifling compared with the difficulty of meeting the King-Humorist of America, the nineteenth century brother of Cervantes and Rabelais. As a newspaper man there was no special reason why I should see him, more than any other of my craft, save one which is given below—a link between Mark Twain and myself stretching back over a quarter of a century.

In the year 1882 a boy nine years old lay dying in the Liverpool Royal Infirmary. The doctor was unusually attentive—a bad sign; and the nurse became very polite which was even worse—politeness in an English hospital being akin to pity for a corpse.

When they asked the boy if there was anything he would like, he languidly said he wished for a boy's book and they gave him Grant Allen's "Babylon." Presently he found there was an American boy in it who made him smile, but vanished after the first few pages. Then he threw it aside and begged for another—a book about America by an American.

The nurse gave him "Tom Sawyer," and, like Columbus, he discovered a new world.

Up to that time America had been to the boy merely a name on a map. He laughed over his new treasure, and laughed, and laughed again, until he became exhausted and fell soundly asleep, the first time for five days. When he awoke, twenty-eight hours later, his first thought was to feel under his pillow for the magic book, his second to clamor for something to eat. The nurse was rude to him, but he did not care—he had "Tom Sawyer." And when the doctor confided to the nurse that Nature still had a pocketful of miracles left, seeing that the patient had made so wonderful a recovery, the boy smiled, for he knew better. It was not Nature—it was Mark Twain.

Consequently, when that boy years afterwards found himself in New York he felt that he had more than the ordinary right to see the man who had given the world that glorious gallery of characters which began with Huckleberry Finn and ended with Pudd'nhead Wilson.

The boy, now a man, wrote, therefore, pointing out the above facts and demanding an interview, concluding with the remark that unless the interview was granted he would be compelled to believe that Mr. S. L. Clemens was not half so great or lovable as Mark Twain.

By the next post came this letter, which is now chief among my literary treasures:

21, Fifth Avenue.

Dear Mr. Healy:—Yes, come, and welcome; I am at home all afternoons after two, either in bed or out of it, but in either case, ready for you.—Sincerely yours,

(Signed) S. L. Clemens.

The next afternoon when I called I was shown into the library, and presently a white figure dressed in spotless, creamy flannels, came into the room, shook me heartily by the hand, and bade me welcome. Unconsciously, even as he spoke, I made comparisons between him and other great literary characters whom I have had the pleasure of meeting—Willam Morris he of the magnificent shock of white hair and the grey, leonine beard; George Meredith, with the thin, intellectual features and visionary eyes, encircled by a thin frame of snowy hair; Zola's powerful face, yet unmarked by age; Anatole France, with the forehead of a philosopher and the sunburned face of a sea-captain, and the rest.

There is something distinctive in the massive, white aureole that crests Mark Twain's leonine head with its dreamy, ironical eyes, whilst the bushy, pointed eyebrows give his countenance a touch of Mephistophelian humor. The mobile expressive mouth and strong, rounded chin are softened by the great mass of white hair, but one easily forgets his other features in the charm of his wonderful eyes. And his voice—how can I ever give an idea of that glorious voice with its delicious, musical drawl in which he conveys fancies, quaint and gay, but so airy and delicate that to reproduce them on paper is like trying to paint the bloom of a peach.

"I hear you dictate most of your work now, Mr. Clemens."

"Yes, I have given up writing with a pen. I have been dictating without a pen for about a year now and have just got into the trick of it. I am not dictating now what you would call literature," he said, with a touch of sly modesty—"just my autobiography. But autobiography is narrative, and narrative and dialogue should come from the mouth, not a pen."

"Doesn't the noise of New York interfere with your work? Fifth avenue may be quiet for New York yet in London one would not call it over quiet."

"Oh no," he drawled, with a smile breaking over his face. "Noise doesn't bother me in any way. If it did I would move to some room at the back or, failing that, I would take my work out to the middle of the street among those men breaking stones at the corner, and do it there. Dictating is less of a strain on one than writing. I can now dictate fifty thousand words a month without any physical effort. Right on from now I shall do six hundred thousand words a year. During the last forty years whilst I still worked with a pen, I never worked more than three months in the year—that is, at writing. I suppose that if I had had the trick of dictation I should probably have done much more. The work I now do in a year through dictation I could never have hoped to do in a lifetime with a pen."

Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy is accused of meddling too much in politics. The same is said of the Dowager Empress of Russia, and was said of the Empress Frederick of Germany before her death. So far, no such charge has been made against the mother of the King of Spain. Even while she was queen regent, Christina carried herself with such discretion that the jealous Spanish nobility could find little fault.



How things are done at the Hague Conference.
—Montreal Star.

Mr. Bryce and Human Progress.

EVER since man disengaged himself from nature and began to reflect upon his place in the universe men's minds have been occupied with the question whether the human race as a whole is advancing and towards what possible future," says Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador to the United States, in an address which was recently delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and is made the opening feature of the August Atlantic Monthly.

Mr. Bryce asks "What is Progress?" But he hesitates to do more than define the problem and demonstrate its intricacies. "When first," he says, "we catch sight of the subject in literature the idea prevails that mankind had fallen back from an earlier state in which his life was simpler, easier, and more innocent. With Christianity a new element of hope was introduced, and during some centuries the notion of a Golden Age was transferred from a heathen past, a world lying in wickedness, to that better time in the future when the New Religion should have overspread and transformed the whole world, and created on it a Kingdom of Heaven." Then "during the Dark Ages, and, indeed, down to the middle or end of the fourteenth century, men looked regretfully back to a time when Christendom had been more peaceful and better ordered than they saw it." The Renaissance and the discovery of America changed all this. Hope revived as knowledge and learning revived, and the strong races spread themselves out, conquering and to conquer.

"Within the last century the belief in human progress has become almost an article of faith. The pessimists are for the moment a dispirited minority. But their chance may come again in the future; and the main issue is not so free from doubt as to disentitle them to a fair hearing. The faith in progress, which is based on the doctrine that all things are for the best, has no scientific character," says Mr. Bryce. The wonderful gains made in those things which are visible and tangible in man's physical environment have been taken to mark the certainty of further advance. But "may there not be a limit to this kind of advance and may we not be approaching that limit? We cannot tell. Critical methods in philology and history are perhaps not susceptible of much further improvement; but as respects physical science, those who are entitled to speak say that they see stretching before them an infinite vista of discovery....

"Can we be sure that the individual man in those past centuries had on the average a worse time than the average man has now?...

"We all," Mr. Bryce goes on to say "know many persons who look back to what they call the Ages of Faith as ages in which man's mind was far more full of peace and hope than it is in times when so many doubt what guide they shall follow. These are only a few of the questions that may be asked when we compare past and present; and no one can answer them.

"Shall we take happiness in its broadest sense—the sense in which it applies to every man, whether capable of the higher pleasures or only of the lower ones—to mean that general sense of contentment and satisfaction which makes life seem to have been and to be worth living? The test of human progress towards happiness would then be—Does the average man of today, at the end of each year, or at the end of his life, feel more inclined than the average man would have done two hundred or four hundred or six hundred years ago, to say that he would like to live the same life over again because his pleasures in it have on the whole exceeded his pains? May we not suspect that this is a matter which depends less on the possession of any external goods, of comfort and of opportunities for pleasure, than it does upon the human temperament itself? Thus the central point of the inquiry would be—Are the physical causes and the moral causes which mould and color the human temperament making it more or less placid, cheerful and serene? This is largely a question for the physiologist, who stands upon somewhat firmer ground than does the moralist. Some physiologists tell us that the conditions of modern life in the most highly civilized communities create a strain upon the nervous system which makes people fretful capricious, restless, or perhaps despondent.

"They point to the increase of lunacy, to the increase of divorce and to the increase of suicide as evidencing the results of this nervous strain. These ominous symptoms will not appear to most of us to outweigh the general impression we have that the sum of enjoyment and cheerfulness is slightly greater now than it was a century ago, or even in our own boyhood. Still, they are symptoms to be noted, and the fact that science puts its finger on phenomena in modern life which are new and which may, if they go on increasing, affect the physical and moral constitution of man, suggests the reflection that we may still have much to learn upon the subject. All the phenomena which belong to modern city life under severe and constant pressure are comparatively new. They may work prejudicially on the human organism. On the other hand the organism may adapt itself to them may escape physical mischief, and reap mental benefit. A century's experience will help us to judge better."

The New York Mail gets the prize for the best answer to the New York World's query. "What is a Democrat?" According to The Mail a Democrat is the man who pays the election bets.

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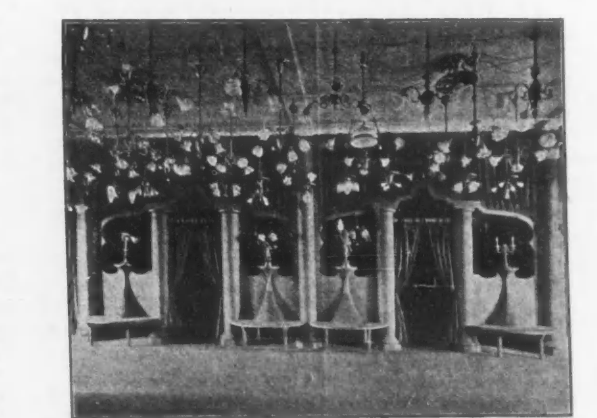
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Hundreds of beautiful Model Hats personally selected by our buyer from the most renowned salons of London, Paris and New York, are now on view. The attraction of this display is two-fold. It represents the very highest types of headgear, and at the same time the usual exorbitant prices charged for "patterns" are entirely eliminated.

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If your druggist doesn't keep it, send 25c for
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If you have never had a "FACE TREATMENT" here you cannot really know what "Face Treatments" are.
Superfluous Hair, Moles, Warts, etc., eradicated forever by our method of electrolysis. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for our new booklet, "A Study of Your Face and Figure."
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HISCOCK DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE
(formerly Graham) Hiscock Bldg.,
61 College St., cor. Laplante Ave., Toronto

"The Land of Nod," the attraction at the Princess Theatre this week, is what is commonly called a "good show for Exhibition time." It is a musical extravaganza—one of a kind to prove entertaining to the occasional theatregoer. At all events the Princess has enjoyed very large patronage during the week, and the play, which is a pretty spectacle, with plenty of funny spots, has been much enjoyed. The management of the Princess has, as usual, shown excellent judgment in its choice of entertainment during the period of the Fair.

Young Canadians Serving the King

LXVIII.



LIEUT.-COLONEL R. K. SCOTT, D.S.O.
Army Ordnance Dept. Graduate Royal Military College of Canada, 1891.

Social and Personal

TORONTO friends of Miss Frances Coen, who lately were congratulating her on her success at the horse show in London, are now sending her sympathy and kind thoughts in the loss of her mother, whose death took place in Chicago last week. Mrs. Coen was Miss Viva Stevens of Owen Sound, one of the brightest and prettiest girls of the last generation.

Mr. Cyril E. Ham, of Oxford, England, left on Wednesday for that city, after a vacation of some weeks spent here with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ham. Mr. Ham is an arts man of St. John's College and has achieved considerable success as organist and choirmaster of the Church of St. Philip and St. James, Woodstock road, Oxford.

Mrs. Robert A. Smith and her children, who have been summering at Prout's Neck, Maine, are coming home early next week. Miss Thompson came up some two weeks or more ago. At Prout's Neck are also Mrs. and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, and Mrs. and Miss Gooderham.

Miss Amy Robert Jaffray, of New York, is spending a week in town and on Wednesday was enjoying a peep at the Exhibition.

The ladies' committee room in the Woman's Building at the Fair has been much admired by friends of the ladies in charge, and certainly is an artistic delight, with its decorations of stencilled frieze, dull blue walls and narrow white panels wreathed with tiny tendrils and green leaves. Mrs. Agar Adamson, under whose supervision the room was made beautiful, was often in and out, and Mrs. G. H. Gooderham, Mrs. J. E. Elliott, Mrs. Cummings, were the kindest of hostesses. Mrs. George has been indefatigable in receiving the various distinguished guests, and has been daily in her box at the grand stand. Everyone is saying that this pretty and cordial little lady has been a great acquisition and help to the president, as well as a good angel to the visitors from abroad. The Fair attracts such a host of notables, that the tact and charm of a nice woman are absolutely invaluable in giving the strangers a good first impression and starting them out in good humor.

Among the Torontonians abroad who will not return just yet are Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, of Yeadon Hall, who have taken passage for October 10.

Mrs. J. M. Delamere has been away for seven weeks on a visit to her son and daughter in Berlin and Stratford. Mrs. Tom Delamere, Jr., and baby Allan returned with Mrs. J. M. Delamere on a visit. Miss Denison, who has spent the summer in Muskoka, is expected home to-day.

Major and Mrs. Duncan Donald have returned from a delightful trip abroad.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and a family party from Government House have spent a few days at Cobalt and its neighborhood, and were expected home this morning. Major Macdonald accompanied His Honor on this little excursion.

Colonel and Mrs. Septimus Denison and Rear-Admiral Denison are still enjoying the Muskoka air at Colonel Denison's island, but will, I believe, return to Toronto next week.

Mrs. Franklin Dawson returned from abroad a few days ago.

Gay little dinners have been the rule at the Hunt Club. A pleasant party were out on Wednesday evening. The grounds are looking very nice this season, and the members are enjoying the club with enthusiasm. Mr. Burton Holland is here on a visit and is stopping at the Hunt Club.

Mr. Boyd Magee has been in town. Principal and Mrs. Auden have returned from their summer sojourn up Georgian Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Castell Hopkins are removing from Albany avenue to 14 McMaster avenue this month.

Mrs. George Taylor, of Ottawa, and her daughter, are visiting friends in town.

Among the locally interesting portraits at the Art Gallery of the Fair are Mr. E. Wyly Grier's, of Colonel James Mason, in full glory of cocked hat and plumes,

and of S. H. Blake in one of his more genial phases, both of which are much studied by the visitors to the gallery. A very charming picture of his own little son is another of Mr. Grier's exhibits. An artist from abroad was saying very nice things of Fergus Kyle's work as he came from the little gallery of graphic art, which is so full of good things.

Dr. Herbert Bruce has returned from England. Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Christie have returned from St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, where the splendid golf links proved a great attraction.

Mrs. Alexander Taylor, of Ottawa, who has been visiting in Toronto, returned home last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stark have returned from Pres-ton Springs.

On Wednesday, August 28, at half-past three o'clock, a pretty wedding took place in the Presbyterian church, Colborne, when Miss Cora Louise Larke, daughter of Mr. Charles Larke, manager Standard Bank, was married to Mr. Clarence Damon Trussell of New York City. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. Duncan, assisted by Rev. George Brown. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a handsome gown of ivory silk crepe de chene over chiffon taffeta, with trimmings of princess lace, a tulle veil caught with orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. Her bridesmaids, the Misses Blanche and Beatrice Larke, were daintily attired in dresses of white net over taffeta and carried pink roses. Each wore a crescent of pearls, the gift of the bridegroom. The groomsmen were Mr. George Hickerson of New York, and the ushers, Mr. Wm. Grant Neill and Mr. A. G. Willoughby. Mr. B. Morton Jones, of Lethbridge, Alta., played the wedding march as the bridal procession entered the church. Mrs. Larke, the bride's mother, looked exceedingly well in a costume of mauve crepe de chene over taffeta with black hat and feathers. A reception was afterwards held at "Lynhurst," the home of the bride, where the newly married couple received congratulations. The wedding gifts were greatly admired, and included a beautiful ring of diamonds and sapphires, the gift of the groom. Mr. and Mrs. Trussell left on the evening train for a trip through the eastern states before taking up their residence in New York. The bride travelled in a suit of tan chiffon broadcloth, and hat to match.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Jeffrey, of London, and Mr. Allison Robertson, C.E., of Vancouver, B. C. The wedding will take place early in October.

Among the guests staying at the Goderich Summer Hotel the following are from Toronto: Mr. Julius Engel, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. McConnell, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLaren, Mr. Douglas McLaren, Mr. James Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Moore and Mrs. N. Higinbotham.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stimson, R.O., has returned from Europe with his sisters, the Misses Stimson. The trip was taken for the improvement of his health as he was a victim of severe neuritis, and all his friends are glad that Colonel Stimson was greatly benefited.

Mr. Lincoln Hunter is taking a course at Stanley Barracks, to qualify for the rank of captain.

A very beautiful suburban wedding took place on Wednesday at half-past two o'clock, in St. John's church, Norway, when the rector, Rev. W. L. Baynes-Reed and Miss Gretchen Gilbert were married. The service was choral.

The following Toronto people have registered at the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls: Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Stewart, Mr. F. J. McBean, Miss M. Kingsmill and Miss B. Wragge, Mr. George Tate Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, Mr. H. O. Morris and Miss Malcolmson, Mr. H. H. Macrae, Mr. E. J. Lennox, Mrs. J. G. Palmer and daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Cassidy, Mr. H. G. Acres, Mr. and Mrs. H. Wallis, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mr. C. S. Stephen and party, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Miss Bessie May, Mr. W. A. Denton, Mrs. Denton and Miss Dorothy Denton, Mrs. E. J. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Northway and child, Mrs. H. B. Anderson, Miss Lillian Love, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Rudolf and daughter, Mr. William Oulster, Miss Alice Rothwell, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cragg, Mr. R. S. Hudson and party, Mr. C. A. Lingham.

Dr. E. Herbert Adams has returned from a holiday in the Georgian Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. Roaf have returned to town, after a trip to British Columbia, and are at the St. George for the winter.

Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald are spending some time in England.

Mrs. and Miss Mabce have been visiting friends in Port Rowan.

St. George's church, Newcastle, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on the afternoon of Wednesday, September 4, when Stella Algean, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Butler of Elmhurst, Newcastle, was married to Herman Clarke Anderson of Guelph, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Anderson of Port Arthur, Ont., the rector, Rev. Scott Howard, officiating. The bride entered the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, by the chancel guild, with her brother, Dr. J. Ainley Butler, and looked very sweet and girlish in a gown of white silk crepe de chene over taffeta, with baby Irish lace trimmings, wearing a veil and orange blossoms, and carrying a white prayer book. The maid of honor, Miss Isobel Watt of Toronto, was gowned in pink silk mull with pink-plumed picture hat, and carried a sheaf of pink roses. The bridesmaids were Misses Beatrix McIntosh and Cora Butler of Newcastle, who wore pretty gowns of white silk mull with touches of pink, white-plumed hats and carried pink roses. The groom was supported by Mr. Arthur Sorley of Toronto, while Messrs. E. Roy Butler and George Loughridge, also of Toronto, acted as ushers. The groom's gift to the bride was a diamond ring, to the maid of honor and bridesmaids pearl pins; and to the groomsmen and ushers, pearl tie-pins. After the ceremony a reception was held at Elmhurst, the home of the bride's parents. The bridal party left on the evening train for Muskoka, the bride travelling in a navy tailored costume with touches of tan and a panama hat.

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Jewel Merchants and Watch Importers

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The Fortunes of the Peerage

New Light on the Origin of the Great Families of Britain

THERE is a general and widespread belief that the British Peerage is mainly composed of the descendants of military adventurers who came over with William the Conqueror. While many of our Peers are derived from these military sources, says Modern Society, of London, there are a great many others who had a far different origin. Peers who have risen from the ranks of city trade are numerous.

From various authorities—Mr. Smiles and others—we find that the Peerages of Coventry, Tankerville, and Dormer were founded by city merchants. Again, the founder of Dartmouth was a skinner, that of Radnor a silk manufacturer, that of Ducie a merchant tailor, and that of Pomfret a merchant of Calais. The first Lord Campden was a City Baronet who kept a mercer's shop in Cheap-side. The first ancestor of Lord Rosebery who achieved any particular note was James Primrose, who in 1616 was licensed to print the tract, "God and the King," "for twenty-one years, in English or Latin, abroad or at home."

Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, was the son of a Putney blacksmith. The Dukes of Northumberland are descended from Hugh Smithson, a London apothecary. The Earldom of Cornwallis was founded by Thos. Cornwallis, a merchant of Cheapside; that of Essex by William Capel, a draper; and that of Craven by William Craven, the merchant tailor. The ancestor of the Earls of Northampton was a smith named Phipps, who invented the diving-bell.

The Earl of Abingdon is also Baron Norreys, and the first Norreys, of Ockwell, in Berkshire, was cook to Queen Elizabeth. The Dukes of Leeds trace their pedigree to a clockworker's apprentice, Ned Osborne, who plunged into the Thames to save his master's daughter, married her, and subsequently became Lord Mayor of London. The Earls of Warwick are not, as is popularly supposed, descended from the great Kingmaker, but from William Greville, a wool-stapler. The Lords Holland, whose line is now extinct, traced their origin to Stephen Fox, who, before he was knighted, was bailiff to Sir Edward Nicolas, Secretary of Charles I., and acted as parish clerk in the village of Wintersbourne, in Wiltshire. Thus the Peerage may justly be called a democratic institution.

In the same way that many of the Peerages have begun at the bottom of the ladder and reached the top, so many others have suffered a descent from the top and reached the bottom. Early in the sixteenth century Richard Guv de Ruthwyn, Earl of Kent, spent his whole patrimony in low taverns, and was subsequently found dead on a bench of one of the poorest inns in London. Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter, who was attainted, and his property confiscated, in 1461, played the part of a beggar for more than twelve years. Charles Nevill, a descendant of the Kingmaker, was degraded in 1570, and begged his way in Flanders, until the Spanish King granted him a small pension which provided him with a scanty subsistence until his death.

Many illustrious names have been found in extremely low conditions. The lineal descendant of Simon de Montfort was comparatively recently employed as a harness maker in Toolsey street. According to Burke, the last of the male line of Oliver Cromwell was one of the same name who kept a small shop in Snowhill, and

who died in 1821, leaving one daughter. The last of the line of the Barons of Kendal, died in 1821, a pauper in the Shrewsbury workhouse. The lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent, and younger son of Edward I., were respectively a butcher of Halesowen and a turnpike-keeper near Dudley.

So many great families have fallen into obscurity and ruin that the House of Lords does not now contain a single male member of the families of the twenty-five Barons of Magna Charta fame. In the words of Chief Justice Crewe, "Where is Bohun? Where is Mobery? Where is Mortimer? Nay, which is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality."

A Problem in Gloves.

[Small hands are said to be "disappearing," as a result of the modern girl's devotion to games.]
When Delia—latest of my loves—
Disturbed my afternoon repose
And thereby claimed a pair of gloves
(The petal of a falling rose
Fluttered my lips). I thought it cheap,
Seeing that I was not asleep.

But ho' she comes of gentle blood
My Delia shares the modern fad
For pastimes of the field and flood,
A point on which she's rather mad,
And Delia's hands—a shapely pair,
No doubt, but still, you know they're there.

And gladly tho' I own the debt
It still remains unpaid; I know
How many buttons, what to get
In such-and-such, and so-and-so,
Et-cet'ra; but I can't devise
A scheme for getting at her size.

A candid spirit (such as mine)
Would lean to sevens and a bit;
But there politeness draws the line:
Besides, suppose they didn't fit—
Or worse, suppose they did! Good heavens,
She'd never own to wearing sevens!

Yet sixes—here politeness errs;
The compliment itself is thin;
Indeed, with such a hand as hers,
She'd think I meant to "rub it in":
Besides, they'd split; she couldn't fail
To think I bought them at a sale.

But clearly something must be done.
It's plain that I must face the task.
And probably it's ten to one
That I go wrong; and yet to ask
Would be deplorably uncouth.
Nor would the lady tell the truth.

But wait; I have it. Happy touch!
I'll order—sent to her address—
"Gloves so-and-so, and such-and-such,
And"—blot; and there the shop
must guess.

And, if it's wrong, why, then the shop
And Delia can arrange a swap.
—Punch.

The closing speeches were over at the court of assizes. Following his custom, the judge asked of the defendant, a burly, low-browed scoundrel who had murdered a poor old couple to rob them: "Defendant have you anything to say?" In a cheerful effeminate tone the other replied: "Just a word. I am opposed to capital punishment!"—Argonaut.

She (encouragingly)—A faint heart never won a fair lady, you know. He (with extreme nervousness)—H—m! No, and a faint heart never got away from one, either.—Bystander.

"How many miles will a gallon of gasoline carry an automobilist?" "Straight ahead or straight up?"—Houston Post.

A Great Canadian Singer

An English Appreciation of Madame Donalds, the Famous Prima Donna

ALMOST like a fairy tale is the story of the rise to fame of Madame Donalds, the Canadian prima donna, who has scored such brilliant triumphs during the recent opera season at Covent Garden, says a writer in M. A. P. of London. A few years ago she was an unknown girl in her native city of Montreal, with, if she had any definite ambition, some idea of studying medicine, but with no thoughts of a career as a singer. To-day Madame Donalds is in the front rank of prima donne, having won not only the rapturous approval of critics and audiences at all the great opera houses at Brussels, New York, Covent Garden, Monte Carlo, etc., but what is generally regarded as the "top note" of operatic success—the position of first lyric soprano at the Opera Comique, Paris.

Miss Lightstone, as she was, was seventeen years of age when her beautiful voice was discovered by Mrs. Meldola de Sola, of Montreal, who obtained from Lord Strathcona a scholarship at his Royal Victoria College, which enabled the young singer there to pursue her hitherto desultory musical studies in earnest under Miss Clara Lichtenstein, also receiving pianoforte tuition from Miss Sophie Meyers. The girl students at the Royal Victoria College, by the way, are called "Donaldas" in compliment to the founder, the erstwhile Sir Donald Smith, and it was to mark her appreciation of Lord Strathcona's kindness that Miss Lightstone took the stage name which she has already made so famous. From Montreal Madame Donalds came to Paris to study singing under the celebrated professor, M. Edmond Duvernoy. M. Paul Lheric, another member of the Conservatoire taught her the *mise-en-scene*, M. Pierre Berton gave her lessons in diction, whilst Mme. Theodore, professor of dancing at the Opera, was her teacher in the art of Terpsichore. All went well, and on December 30, 1904, Mme. Donalds made her debut at Nice and won instant recognition, her original engagement for two months being extended to the end of the season.

During the first season at Nice, Mme. Donalds sang Marguerite, Juliette, Thais, Manon, Micaela, and created a part in Leoncavallo's "Chatterton," and now her repertoire covers twenty-five operas, in which she has sung with such famous artists as Melba, Calve, Caruso, Salignac, David, Ponci, Sammarco, and before such "crowned heads" as our own King and Queen, Queen Ena of Spain, the Dowager Empress of Russia, and the Khedive of Egypt. "Faust" is perhaps her favorite opera, hard run, however, by "La Boheme," in connection with which Mme. Donalds has an amusing story.

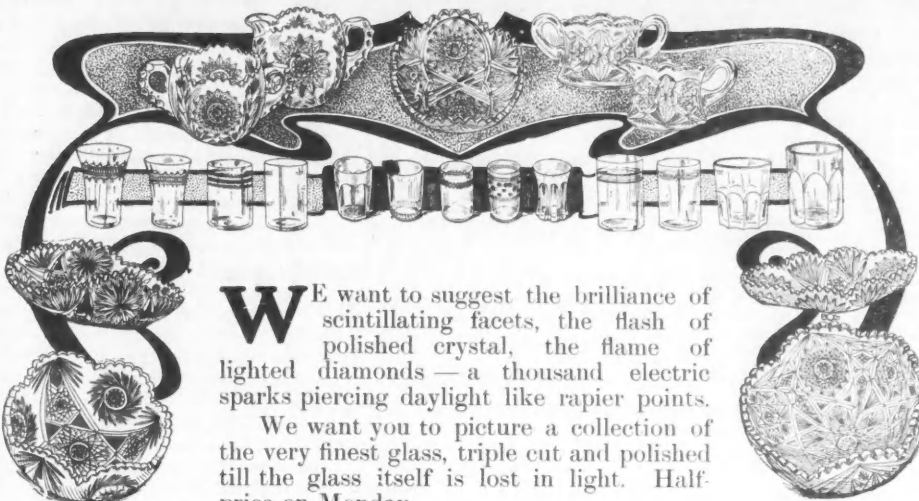
Two old ladies came to Covent Garden one night when Puccini's masterpiece was being performed. "Ah, yes," said one of them to the other after looking at her program. "La Boheme, h'm! in my young days they didn't give it a foreign name—they just called it 'The Bohemian Girl!'"

Like many great singers Madame Donalds is finely proportioned and of strikingly handsome appearance—tall, brown hair and eye and with a rich, cream-like complexion. And success has left her quite unspoiled. She is still a simple, unaffected, charming girl—for in truth she is little more than a girl, although by this time she is married to a French gentleman—M. Paul Seveilhac. She loves her work, adores her dogs, and is in everything a very great artist and a very charming lady.

Clayton Hamilton, in the course of an article in The Forum, says: Dramatic criticism of an academic cast is of little value either to those who write plays or to those who see them. The man who buys his ticket to the theatre knows little and cares less about the technique of play-making; and for the dramatist himself there are no ten commandments. I have been gradually growing to believe that there is only one commandment for the dramatist—that he shall tell the truth; and only one fault of which a play is capable—that, as a whole or in detail, it tells a lie. A play is bad only when the average theatregoer—a man, I mean, with no special knowledge of dramatic art—viewing what is done upon the stage and hearing what is said, revolts instinctively against it with a feeling that I may best express in that famous sentence of Assessor Brack's: "People don't do such things." A play that is truthful at all points will never evoke this instinctive disap-

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9-inch Nappies, same rich cut. Regular \$19.00, for...	9.19	Oil Bottles. Regular \$9.00, for...	5.48
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I hold that when a person dies
His soul returns again to earth;
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise,
Another mother gives him birth.
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain
The old soul takes the roads again.
Such is my own belief and trust;
This hand, this hand that holds the pen
Has many a hundred times been dust,
And turned, as dust, to dust again;
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone
In Thebes, in Troy, in Babylon.

And as I wander on the roads
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads
To urge to heights before un-guessed,
My road shall be the road I made;
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread
In this long war beneath the stars;
So shall a glory wreath my head.
So shall I faint and show the scars,
Until this case, this clogging mould,
Be smithied all to kingly gold.
—John Masefield, in the Pall Mall Magazine.

carrying a 300 pound anvil under each arm. When he was halfway across the gang plank it broke, and the Irishman fell in. With a splash and spluttering he came to the surface.
"Trow me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose to the surface.
"Trow me a rope, I say!" he shouted again. Once more he sank. A third time he rose struggling.
Then he spluttered, angrily, "If one uv you shalpeens don't hurry up an' trow me a rope I'm goin' to drop one uv these things!"—Modern Society.

Mistress—Norah, I told you to give that man with the hand organ a quarter to go down to the next block and grind his machine in front of Mr. Upps-Tart's house—and he's out here on our sidewalk again!
Norah—Yes, mum. He says th' leddy in the next block gave 'im half a dollar to come back here mum.—Chicago Tribune.

"Justin, here's a bill-collector," called Mrs. Wyss. "All right," replied Mr. Wyss from the library. "Give him all he can carry away."—Leslie's Weekly.

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FOR all practical purposes, the 1907 lacrosse season is over, and the Minto Cup will take the night train back to Montreal. That there will be joy at Shamrock headquarters and corresponding gloom in the Tecumseh camp goes without saying, but the lacrosse-going public at large, will not fret themselves unduly over the result. They paid to see good sterling lacrosse, and they saw it, and the gate receipts show that the quality of the play was appreciated. Fortunately we have outgrown the village condition, inasmuch that we do not go home and kick the fox-terrier pup and upset the what-not just because the home team lost, and we are able to accept decrees of fate with philosophy, if not with cheerfulness.

The season just closed has witnessed some surprising reversals of form that were rather mystifying to us in the stands. We, the common garden half-dollar admissions, cannot understand why a team that wins one match by an overwhelming score, should be swamped by the same opponents a couple of weeks later, and the explanations offered by those who are supposed to know, vary to such an extent that we are no nearer a solution than before.

The change in the positions of the Shamrocks and Capitals showed that the Irishmen were caught napping last year, and did not intend to have the performance repeated. Their sudden slump from the top to near the bottom was so sudden and appeared so complete, that most people predicted that they would not be heard from for many a long day, but here they are again, as bold as brass at the top of the heap, and the other teams are left to mourn their lost opportunities.

What happened to the Capitals is easily accounted for. Their junketing trip across the pond did them no good, and notwithstanding their kindly references to the English teams, it is evident they found nothing over there to cause them to extend themselves, and as a consequence, they went stale and every team in the Union threw them down and tramped on them with great gusto. Their fate carries its own lesson for other teams as well as themselves.

The Nationals are slowly but surely working their way to the top. Under the tutelage of the redoubtable Johnny Tucker, they have spruced up remarkably in the last two years. In the matter of speed and stick-handling, it is doubtful if any other team in the league is their equal, but they are noticeably averse to hard knocks and many a time the opposing team has pulled out with the large end of the score, merely by the vigor with which they laid the hickory on to the back from Maisonneuve. Nevertheless, they have shown this year a greatly increased ability to stand the gaff, as the score of the Nationals-Tecumseh match would show. If the reports of those who saw the game are to be believed, the Tecumsehs played none too ladylike a game, yet the Nationals were able to take it all and attend strictly to business at the same time. It is a good sign.

Taking it by and large, lacrosse has had its opportunity, and has used it. There has been a great falling-off in the amount of scrapping, slugging, and other illegal tactics, and never before have such consistently large crowds turned out to witness the national pastime, so everybody is satisfied. Let the good work go on.

THE shortening days are not the only signs that autumn is upon us. The football bee is beginning to buzz, and the padded knickers and the sweater are being brought forth from their retreat among the moth-balls.

The loudest buzz is caused by the report that a league is mooted, to be formed of Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal and Ottawa.

On paper such a combination is ideal. The only real objection in sight is the long journeys necessary, but if such a union were established the increased interest in the matches would ensure gates that should leave a comfortable margin over travelling and other expenses.

A CRICKETER who makes a trip to the coast and back will find that the good old game is in high favor in Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria. In Winnipeg they have a City League, in which about half a

dozen teams are included, and matches are pulled off every Saturday during the summer. A very keen interest is taken in these contests and as a rule the scores are higher than those made in Toronto. The games are all played on cocoanut matting wickets. It is generally said that the ball comes away faster from the matting than from the turf, but an Eastern cricketer will be forced to admit that the matting has this advantage, that it is always the same, whereas in Ontario and Quebec a player will find the pitch damp and slow on one occasion, whilst the next time he goes to bat it will be hard and much faster than any cocoanut matting could be. In fact, except for the looks of the thing, a man from the East, unless a member of one of our very best clubs where the wicket gets plenty of skillful attention, might very well return home to advocate the adoption of matting in Eastern cricket. A Toronto cricketer now playing in Winnipeg, stated the other day, that in his opinion, that city to-day could put a stronger eleven in the field than Toronto could produce. He says that while the Winnipeg players might not measure up to the best batters and bowlers that Toronto possessed when Messrs. Jack Laing, Percy Goldingham, F. W. Terry, Dyce Saunders and all the rest of the fine players of that period were at their best, yet he believed that to-day Winnipeg could outplay Toronto. In both Vancouver and Victoria cricket is found to be flourishing and the enthusiasm shown at practice and the crowds attracted by matches gratifies the man from the East who admires the game. A cricket week, conducted as a tournament was held at Vancouver beginning August 19, and eleven were present from half a dozen coast towns in Canada and the United States. The affair was quite a success and gave cricket a boom. Each club made it a point of pride to play full strength and have every man in his place, something that could scarcely be done except in parts of the country where local pride is one of the strongest influences on men's minds. A good annual tournament, conducted with the same quality of enthu-

ers are: Mr. G. A. Simard, Dr. A. Mignault, Mr. P. A. Beaudoin and Mr. Victor Morin.

If practice, schooling and keenness count the team ought not to occupy the invidious position it held at last year's tournament—namely second last. The team has been strengthened by the addition of Mr. Freeman, whom Torontonians have seen play and who formed one of the celebrated High River combination, which was only put out of first place by Toronto at Montreal last autumn. Capt. Pickering, too, is an accession to the team. His regiment, the Scots Greys, has always been a polo regiment and Earl Grey's A.D.C. has had the advantage of playing in England and Scotland and, further afield in Egypt and South Africa. Mr. Robertson, another High River player originally, and Mr. Meighen were both playing for Montreal last year and their capabilities are known. Although the team which will compete here in the autumn has not yet been selected, these four players are the probable choice: Capt. Pickering plays back, while 3, 2 and 1 are taken by Mr. Robertson, Mr. Freeman and Mr. Meighen respectively.

One point to remember about this team is that they are not by any means tournament shy. An excellent innovation is that each week some member gives a prize and the president chooses two teams which oppose each other, playing tourney rules. Regulation intervals between chukkers are not exceeded, etc., etc., and excellent training is thus given to the coming representatives of the club, to thoroughly familiarize themselves with the conditions of tournament play, so very different from ordinary "pick-up" sides.

A rather novel experiment which was tried last winter was that of playing on the frozen river St. Lawrence, when a coating of snow had fallen. Play was unfortunately found to be impracticable as the ponies were unable to keep their feet, even with the covering of snow on the ice, but it illustrates the keenness of the players.

The polo season is necessarily comparatively short, but the Montreal club make the most of the four



The Stables of the Montreal Polo Club.

also, at some suitable point in Ontario, not necessarily in Toronto—but in some town large enough to have two or three cricket grounds that could be brought into use, would no doubt do a great deal for the game.

A POLO team cannot spring into being as a playing unit in a day. Time and money must be spent in making the ponies and preparing the ground, and the Montreal Polo Club, which can now count on an average of twelve playing members, had its period of inaction until ponies, ground and players were got into shape.

It was in the summer of 1899 that Mr. Simard, the founder of the club and its first president, went to the West and returned with a carload of ponies. The proposed members and a few members of the Hunt Club balloted for the sixteen ponies which were then handed over to the broncho breaker. On this occasion the ponies were absolutely raw, not being broken even to saddle. The ground selected for play was on Mr. Simard's farm at St. Lambert's, and during 1900 it was drained, levelled and turfed, until in 1901 it was in first-class condition. The stables, which are commodious and have all the latest improvements, were built adjoining the grounds and it was in 1901 that practices began. Among the original members who are still regular play-

months by putting in three practices a week, and the excellent drainage system on the ground makes a game feasible in weather when other grounds would be unplayable.

IN a recent issue we had an article on this page discussing the English pheasants that are multiplying so rapidly in British Columbia, and reference was made to an alarming opinion expressed by somebody to the effect that the birds were increasing so rapidly and were so difficult to shoot that they might in time become a nuisance. The other day I fell in with a British Columbia sportsman who is making a visit to Ontario, and who has hunted pheasants a good deal ever since that first year when the open season was limited to one day only. He tells me that too many pheasants will be regarded in British Columbia as a very desirable kind of a nuisance. When one sees the endless miles of cover through which a man might hunt in that enormous region, and through which he may ride on a train from daylight till dark without seeing half a dozen specimens of bird or animal life, he concludes that any bird that can be induced to live and will multiply should be regarded as a desirable inhabitant and more especially such a game bird as the pheasant. "It is a bird," he said, "that can take pretty good care of itself. It can get away pretty fast and has the intelligence

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to make cover quickly, but on the other hand the male bird which, according to the game laws is the only one we are allowed to shoot, has a gorgeous plumage and no sportsman should ask for anything better than wild pheasant hunting in a wild country. A man is not allowed to shoot for a grouse? But if you do shoot one of these hens you can be depended on to securely hide the evidences of your crime, for there is a two hundred dollar fine for making a mistake of this kind.

"Another thing that I noticed when crossing the continent was that, owing to the lateness of the season, the young ducks in Alberta and Saskatchewan were still mighty young looking when the duck season opened

out west, which it does about ten days earlier than in Ontario. I saw thousands of wild ducks from the car window on my journey and in many of the ponds you could see the mother bird, swimming along with a dozen of young ones splashing after her. This was on the opening day for duck shooting, and it seemed to me that great damage would be done when the mother bird took wing in alarm, got filled with shot and left her family without guidance. But I couldn't get any Western man to share my anxiety on this point. They all said that the supply of ducks was so enormous that nothing could very much injure them. But I am afraid people used to talk in just the same way about ducks in other parts of Canada, while I know that our grandfathers used to say, in Ontario, that nothing could exhaust the supply of wild pigeons. But where are they now?"

His Weapons.

Here hangs his gauntlet by the door!
At thrice a hundred foemen feet
He hurled this challenge to the floor,
And never stained it with defeat!
To me he dropt his eyes—no more—
And his the victory sweet!

Here, like a silver moon, his shield,
That fronted thrice a hundred foes
But once, upon the journey field,
He cast it off to wear my rose.
He fought and fell; his wound, it healed;
But mine, it grows and grows!

Froze to the scabbard, hangs his sword
That smote the doughty foe to dust,
His token, like his promised word,
Forgotten in the years of rust;
But once he spoke; because I heard,
I trust him still—I trust!

—Aloysius Cell in Lippincott's.

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THE EXILE



By EDWARD F. SPENCE

"WOULD you mind giving me just a pipeful? I haven't smoked English tobacco for ever so long."

"Certainly," I answered, and, touched by the eager note in the voice, I added, "you had better take all there is in the pouch. I start for England to-morrow, and my friend has enough for us both."

"Oh! thank you very much."

I looked at him with a little curiosity. He was an elderly Englishman, wearing clothes obviously cut in France, yet tortured to assume an English air. His necktie, a kind of Gallic absurdity, was forced into the fashion of an eccentric sailor's knot. The face looked as if it had once been powerful, or at least energetic, but it was debased by a furtive look, and the beard it bore seemed to be a new acquaintance to his visage.

"You don't like French tobacco?"

I said, "No," he answered, producing a pipe. "It's not bad now and then in a cigarette, but it's bitter for a pipe."

"Your friends might keep you supplied; the trick is easily done. You send it in a packet with the name of a shop outside, marked 'Echantillon sans valeur,' that's all."

"I suppose it would be too great a tax on my friends."

His voice was full of bitterness. It awakened memories—memories caused my eyes to turn towards his hands, beautifully kept, therefore seeming out of keeping with his state. In sharp contrast with the elegant filbert nails of the fingers was the stunted nail of his right thumb. On the cruel impulse of the moment I exclaimed:

"Perhaps your friends think you have taxed them enough, Mr. Chapman?"

The effect was horrible. The look of terror which came over the degraded face has often haunted me since; the sound of voice which colored the sigh that issued from his white lips still afflicts me.

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Chapman," I added hastily. "I am not the police. It's an accidental discovery. I pledge you my word of honor I will tell nobody as long as you live. Waiter, une fine champagne et de l'eau de seltz."

"I suppose I can trust you. I suppose I must. You didn't lose anything. I don't know who you are. How did you know me? I thought the growth of beard and the shaving of moustache, the loss of hair and the teeth I had pulled out—"

"The broken nail on the well-kept hands betrays you."

"Good gracious! the broken thumb-nail, result of the one brave act of my life!"

He drank the fine and can de seltz greedily. There were no signs of the drink habit about him.

Suddenly he changed the marble table with his fist.

"Do you know what hell is?" he asked fiercely. "Hell is to live on fifty pounds a year when for twenty years you have been accustomed to spend fifty pounds a day. Why I used to have a new silk hat every Monday morning—it was one of my fads—and they cost me as much in the year as my present income. I dare say my valet had the old one brushed and refined and swindled me over the job."

"It must be a tight squeeze," I answered. "Why only fifty pounds a year?"

"They won't give me more. They only give me that for fear I should come back to England and make a scandal, and I can't get work. What work can a discredited elderly Englishman fugitive from justice, who speaks French badly, hope to obtain? There was a time when I used to

grumble because I had no leisure and now, what wouldn't I give for work for work, however humbly paid!"

"Yet, after all, living is cheap here, and there are lots of people who—"

"Who live respectably and bring up families on fifty pounds a year—oh, I know; but they didn't have a hundred a year as pocket money before they left school, or live for over twenty years at an average rate of fifty pounds a day. There is even a worse hell than that; it's to have no hope. Good heavens! What cataclysm of Nature could enable me ever to hold up my head again in the world? Fifty-five years of age, and nothing to look forward to."

I tried to steel myself against a feeling of pity by thinking of the hundreds ruined by him. Across his face, too worn for his age, came a strange smile; into the faded blue eyes a curious light. "There is a kind of hope. Do you know, I have got a system?"

"A system? A martingale."

"Yes it's infallible, only I need a little capital. If I only had five hundred pounds I could go to Monte Carlo; I should win all the money I need; then I suppose if I paid all the creditors in full and with interest, I might make some kind of arrangement to come back unmolested, and be once more a man and in my own country."

It was wonderful to see how the delusion of hope blurred the wrinkles of his face and gave a suggestion of youth and strength.

"Your friends don't believe in your system?"

"No, no, but I know its sound, and I have spent so much, so much in posting long letters explaining it all, and I don't think they even read them. Do you know they have no confidence in me."

As he spoke he put out his hand towards me. I remembered he used to have a habit of button-holing people. When it was half way the recollection of his position came to him and it dropped heavily like the hand of a dead man, and a flood of purple rushed over his yellow-white face.

"I know it's a sure system," he said eagerly; "and, oh! I have scraped and saved out of my pocket a week to get together a little capital; have cut down every expense, except, of course one must dress decently!"

His tidy, care-marked shiny clothes were more painfully eloquent of poverty than would have been mere rags and tatters and gaping boots.

"I have saved up money now and then, but it's too little to work a system with. The beginning of the year I put by almost everything for months. I didn't even risk a franc on the petits chevaux till I got together a few pounds; then I made an effort. The system worked grandly at first but when the hitch came and the reserve force was necessary for victory it was all swept away; I tasted no food but one small twist of bread for two days. You don't know anyone who would care to put a little money on a sure thing."

I suppose that the hardened look in my face stopped him, for he paused. "You took away a good deal of money."

"Only three thousand pounds," he said. "What cursed luck it was; too late to go to the bank before I started, I had nearly ten thousand waiting me there in case of accident."

I remembered the story of the sudden crash, the flight at a minute's notice of the fraudulent financier, and the hue and cry.

"What did you do with the money?"

"I lost it at Monte Carlo. I knew they would never think I should be such a fool as to go there. Do you know that gamble made me fear there is a God? Why? Because I never

won a single coup whilst losing all that money. I put on every number that should have been lucky, even on the day of the month when my child died."

He paused. I remembered the death of that child, the one offspring of his marriage.

"Not a single coup. A woman sitting behind me said, 'You had better go away, monsieur. You are playing like those who shoot themselves in the garden afterwards.'"

I began to feel that I had had enough of Mr. Chapman; but he held me with his eye—not a glittering eye exactly but one that seemed as if it were looking at things after a long disuse.

"Why didn't I shoot myself in the gardens? Perhaps because that play made me afraid lest there may be a God, perhaps merely because I am a coward."

He hid his face in his hands, and I think that something like tears came from his eyes though I did not see. I looked at him almost with pity. The beautiful hands, which lacked the superb ring of opal matrix cut into a coat of arms that I remember, looked green against the flabby, frayed, bread-cleaned shirt cuffs and the shining sleeves of the black coat, too small, for obviously he was growing stout despite his troubles.

"I spent a lot of money in buying stuff from chemists, one after another to get enough and when I had a dose I spent my week's money on a good dinner, and went home to end myself. I could not take the stuff it's in my room now with the razors I bought, though I have ceased to shave. A hundred times I have tossed up heads or tails, to-day or to-morrow. It's always to-day, but I can't do it. You see, some day, the system—"

He paused. "You see, I am a coward and a fool as well as a knave; and yet, if I had only had luck! Do you know that if they hadn't closed my account on the Stock Exchange as soon as I bolted, my operations by next settlement day would have saved me and my creditors."

I was beginning to get sick of the fellow. No doubt he was very miserable, hiding in a fourth rate out-of-the-way French town, but his conduct had been infamous. Suddenly it crossed my mind that the friend who was coming to meet me in the cafe had lost a good deal of money in the smash. For a moment I thought of leaving matters to happen as they might please, but then I considered the fellow's really decent family and its humiliation and suffering if the old sore were re-opened.

"Do you know who is coming to meet me in a few minutes?" I asked. "Sir George Williams." The hunted look that had horrified me before came over his face. He got up hastily.

"I had better go. This has done me good, this chat; I haven't spoken English these three years. You've been very kind to let me speak with you. I must not ask you too—"

He paused. I put my hands in my pockets. He stared then seemed to grow. A look of real dignity came over him.

"I didn't ask for your money—your money. There was a time when I could have bought fifty of you a year, baby and soul."

He walked out quickly, firmly. I stole to the window—a mean thing, perhaps. No sooner was he out of the door than he seemed to shrink again, and he cast furtive glances at every corner as he shuffled down the street.

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!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

The Exhibition Attracts Public Men.

THE accompanying photograph shows President W. K. George, of the Canadian National Exhibition, chatting on the grounds with a distinguished guest, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Postmaster-General of Canada. Mr.



The President of the Exhibition and the Postmaster-General.

Lemieux stands in the foreground of the picture. One indication of the national character of the Exhibition is the fact that the leading public men of the country whether they live east or west, recognize this institution as one with which they must become familiar, and they make it a point to attend whenever they can. Indeed it might be said of the National Exhibition of Toronto that some time or another practically all of the most prominent people of the Dominion find their way within its gates.

Experiences of a Band Conductor.

DURING his lengthy stay in the city, Mr. J. S. Duss, the noted band conductor, has made a number of friends, and proved himself one of the drollest and most interesting of companions. Mr. Duss is in the unique position of a man who does his work for his own pleasure, and was in almost every other kind of commercial pursuit before he satisfied his desire to be a musical conductor. He is an enthusiast on the subject of music, and does not mind telling a story at his own expense.

It is the usual rule of conductors to refrain from poetical explanations in the practical work of rehearsal, but on one occasion Mr. Duss in rehearsing the beautiful "Liebestod" (Love-Death) from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," thought it might add to the fervor of his men's performance if he described the dramatic situation in which the selection was the musical background. He told them of the dying Tristan and of his Isolde coming over the sea to die with him as he sank to rest in his arms. "You must feel the scene to play the music," he insisted, and the men seemed greatly impressed and played the scene in rehearsal week. The immortal passage in which the great passion refrain is enunciated was done with fine effect. The first public performance took place in a beautiful park in a western city, and the bandstand was located beside a charming lagoon peopled with swans. Now everyone who has ever heard a swan

give tongue knows that the term "Swan Song" is the most extreme attempt at humor that was ever perpetrated. The sound of scraping glass is exquisite compared with it. Just as Mr. Duss had reached the crucial point in the work, and signified to his men that they must remember the dying Tristan and the grief-stricken Isolde, the swans commenced their most unrighteous song. The result was that the whole band was convulsed and the work thereafter was a riot of sound. Had the men simply been rehearsed on the notes with no reference to the dramatic situation, they would have paid no attention to the swans. Now Mr. Duss keeps the poetry of the situation and is satisfied if his men play with spirit and in tune.

Another story Mr. Duss tells is of a treasurer he had in his employ at St. Nicholas Garden in New York. Those familiar with the orchestral choir know that the oboe, which is one of the most delightful of instruments for "color" effects, is not one of the staples in a band. Often the oboe players will be required to sit for ten minutes without playing a note. The idleness of the oboe players got on the treasurer's nerves. He used to look at them a-kance every time he handed them their pay envelopes. Finally he went to Mr. Duss and said:

"Say, I s'pose you're so wrapped up in what you're doing that you don't notice it, but those two fellows shirk their work all the time. I've been watching them all week. They don't work an hour a day and they draw half as much again as I do with my coat off from morning till night."

Death of a Sturdy Pioneer

PROBABLY one of the strongest Liberal leaders any county in Ontario ever had passed away on Monday last, in the person of Alexander Robillard of Gloucester, Russell county.

Previous to 1898, when an attack of paralysis necessitated his retirement from politics, Alexander Robillard was a familiar figure both in Ottawa and in Toronto. He turned Russell county from Conservative to Liberal upon the strength, it is said, of his own popularity alone. He represented that county in the provincial House from 1886 until he retired in 1898.

Mr. Robillard was of pioneer stock, and himself led an adventurous life in his own younger days. His father, Antoine Robillard, came from Normandy, and at one time, the story is, owned the site of what is now the city of Hull. In the rioting at the time of the Rideau canal construction his house was plundered and the

deed from Lord Dalhousie lost. Hull at that time was waste land, and no pains was taken to re-secure the title. Antoine Robillard it was who built the house for Col. By, from whom came Ottawa's first name—By-Town.

Alexander Robillard, his son, was born in 1843 at Robillard P.O., Gloucester township. He was educated in Ottawa College. In 1859 he went to Australia with the gold diggers, and in 1861 followed the rush back to California and Oregon. He bore the reputation unique among the miners, of having crossed the Rocky Mountains in winter time on foot, his pack mules having had to be abandoned. He lived for months at a time with the Seewash Indians with whose language he was exceptionally familiar.

On his return to Canada he entered the business of lime and stone merchant and contractor, building the Ottawa Normal and Model Schools and several of the larger churches. He was for many years connected with the Canadian Granite Co., when he had charge of the extensive quarries in Kingston, and also the marble quarries at Templeton, Que. Mr. Robillard was well known also as a horseman, having been president of the Dominion Trotting Association, and maintaining a large stable of running and trotting horses. For many years he served as reeve and deputy reeve of Gloucester.

Since Mr. Robillard's retirement from politics he had been registrar of Russell county, and it was the registrar whose death was announced on Monday last, September 2. Of his children two are in Seattle, Wash., one with the Grand Trunk Pacific Survey in the far Northwest, one in Ottawa, and one in the Crown Lands department of the Ontario Civil Service, Queen's Park.

Passing of a Well-Known Lawyer.

WITH the passing of Nicholas Murphy, K.C., there is taken from the legal fraternity of the city one of its few remaining brethren of the older school. For years he had been a familiar figure among the police court practitioners, and years ago he was the court's master pleader. It used to be an adage among the criminals of greater and lesser magnitude, "Get Murphy and get off."

Latterly the old man failed, but to the end he maintained his belief in the high dignity of his calling and was wont to impress upon the younger generation the dignity of the law.

He argued many cases in many courts and defended many criminals for many crimes, and in the early days won a high measure of success. He never grew rich out of his practice and died poor, but there stands to his credit a long list of the defence of the destitute and friendless.

He died of cancer of the throat, which had gradually been wearing on his vitality and had spoiled the magnificent voice which had often drawn tears to the eyes of jurors spellbound by the old man's eloquence while as yet he was young.

A contention raised by him in a celebrated case occasioned the changing of the British constitution with regard to the trial of prisoners in the absence of the warrant of arrest and many other points gave able judges hours and days of deep deliberation. At the last he goes, and every man who knew him has a kindly word for "Nick Murphy."



The late Nicholas Murphy, K.C.

Old-Time Exhibition "Barkers."

AN old attendant at what is now known as the Canadian National Exhibition naturally misses some of the diverting features of the old Industrial Exhibition. One by one the old wooden habitations of various exhibits are departing, others by the hand of progress, others by the firebug route. Their departure is not lamented, but what of the old time "barkers" who were permitted to exercise their calling in and about the exhibition grounds? Twenty years ago the most entertaining of these was one known as "Hank."



No one knew his other name, although within the past five years he could be seen in the neighborhood of the City Hall with colored spectacles on his eyes, his dark and haggard face covered with a half grown beard trying to sell some sort of patent medicine. He died and probably went to a pauper's grave, yet in his day when he used to exercise his calling at the Exhibition grounds at the old St. Lawrence Market, for the benefit of the spectators, he was an entertaining fellow. He was Hank of the egg bag trick. The writer can see him still with his "wild west cough drops," his sombrero and buckskin coat. At night a flaring torch threw a fitful light over a throng of eager faces. He would begin with an insinuating twang:

"Well, friends, one mornin' I struck a little hotel in Arkansas. Landlord says: 'Hello, Hank, what yeh ben? What'll yeh have for breakfast?'"

"What ye got?" ses I.

"Antelope steaks," ses he.

"Ben eatin' antelope steaks every mornin' for two months. What else yeh got?" ses I.

"Fresh salmon," says he.

"Ben eatin' fresh salmon ev'ry evenin' for six months. Eggs is what I want. Got any eggs?" says I.

"Hank," says he, 'thar ain't an egg in this whole state of Arkansas. All the hens is on strike since this labor agitation began."

"It don't matter," says I. 'I've got to have eggs for breakfast."

"It's no use, Hank," says he.

"Well, Hank," he says, 'I'll have to bring out this old egg bag of my grandmother's."

This was the dramatic moment. The moth-eaten red flannel bag was produced and the narrative went on:

"Well he went and took an ordinary lookin' bag like this. He took this here bag and he turned it inside out like this (action suited to words). You will observe, ladies and gentlemen, that there's nothin' inside it. Then he shook it like this! An egg dropped out like this!"

Sure enough the egg would drop out and the trick would be repeated until four eggs were mysteriously produced. Then business would begin:

"Now, friends, havin' shown you the famous egg bag trick, I wish to call your attention to these wild west cough drops. I see some people movin' off. You think I come here just to amuse you. Well I don't. I want you're money, and when yeh quit I know yeh ain't any. If yeh hain't any I don't want yeh round hee-ar."

Shamefacedly the departing ones would turn back and buy wild west cough drops.

He Found Street-Car Travelling Expensive.

THIS is an absolutely veracious tale in connection with the National Exhibition. Last year a young man from Bruce county came down during Fair week, and when asked whether he had visited the Exhibition often said: "No, it costs a lot to get there!"

"Why, it only costs five cents," said his querist.

"Oh, you pay five cents and go a little way and then you have to get off and pay another five cents!" was the reply.

"Didn't you get a transfer?" he was asked.

"Gosh, no! Them transfer fellows down in Toronto charge all kinds of prices!" was the response.

The Khan.

WHEN newspaper men from all parts of the country were gathered around the tables at the Directors' luncheon at the Exhibition on Press Day last week, many of them saw for the first time a man with whose writings they are all familiar. "The Khan" was there. Mr. R. K. Kernighan has for some years lived quietly on the farm in Beverley township, near Dundas, and seldom visits Toronto. He writes a column daily for the Toronto Star and the Hamilton Herald sends it along by mail, and there is little being produced by any Canadian writer at present that equals in humor, horse sense and philosophy his comments by O'd Twilight. I am told that there is a probability that a new edition of "The Khan's Kantics" may be issued soon. It will be a pity if a volume of this writer's recent prose, selected from his contributions to the press in the past three years, is not issued by one of our publishers.

President George called on Mr. Kernighan for a speech, and he responded with brevity and humor.

To Investigate Cause of the Bridge Disaster.

AN excellent commission has been appointed by the Dominion Government to make an expert enquiry into the causes of the Quebec bridge disaster, which shocked the world a week ago. The commission consists of Henry Holgate, C.E., of Montreal; Prof. G. E. Kerr of McGill University, Montreal, and Professor Galbraith, Principal of the School of Practical Science, Toronto University. It is understood that these experts will not only enquire into the workmanship of the contracting company, but will examine the scientific accuracy of the whole project as an engineering feat. This is a very necessary action on the part of the Government, but it might be well when so great, and so unusual a work is under way, to retain such experts to make inspection from time to time as a work progresses. Valuable as an autopsy is, an expert diagnosis in good time would possess greater value.

Murphy's Reward.

WHENEVER one of the Royal Family, the Governor-General, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, or any of the other Prime Ministers leaves Montreal, it has been the custom of Mr. Peter Murphy, the well known "newsboy," whose stand is

at the corner of St. James and St. Francois Xavier streets, to send aboard a parcel of papers and magazines selected as he thinks most appropriate. The Canadian Gazette notes that Murphy has now received a welcome recognition from Sir Wilfrid Laurier. In his letter the Premier says: "My dear Murphy, you and I are veterans of the Liberal party. Our struggles go back to the bad old days when Liberals in the city of Montreal were few and far between. You were always in the forefront of these selected few; to me, personally, you were always a most devoted friend. Will you permit me to offer you, as a token of my appreciation of your many acts of kindness to me, a blackthorn stick, which I picked up in Dublin while on a visit recently to old Ireland?" The blackthorn has Mr. Murphy's name inscribed on a silver head.

The Canadian Club

THE year book of the Canadian Club of Toronto has just been issued, giving a report of the proceedings of that organization for the year 1906-1907. The volume is an interesting one, containing as it does the substance of most of the addresses which were given before the club during the past season, which was an unusually successful one. The Canadian Club is more than a social organization. Its chief purpose is not to promote conviviality, but, in the words of its constitution, "to foster patriotism by encouraging the study of the institutions history, arts, literature and resources of Canada, and by endeavoring to unite Canadians in such work for the welfare and progress of the Dominion as may be desirable and expedient." The club has no permanent home of its own, and its meetings take the form of weekly luncheons, which are commenced about the first of November and continued until May. To each meeting a speaker—generally a man of note—is invited, who gives an excellent and informing address. Occasionally evening meetings and dinners are held. These latter gatherings, however, are, as a rule, like the luncheons quite informal. Once a year the club has a banquet, and shows what it can do in the way of bringing off a function, but ordinarily it does not go in for fuss and feathers. The banquet given last November, at which Earl Grey was the guest of honor, was an elaborate affair, a distinguished gathering. At the ordinary weekly luncheon, however, the members do not indulge in ceremony. They drop in at the appointed time to the room reserved for them at a downtown restaurant, and start to eat as soon as they are served. Some of them may have made considerable progress with their meal before the guest arrives. When he appears they look up and applaud him between bites but they do not rise. When the brief lunch is over the chairman briefly announces the speaker. The latter is allowed thirty minutes in which to make his address, and then the members go back to business. As a rule evening meetings are a trifle more leisurely; then the guest is generally given a somewhat more ceremonious reception, and the repast is commenced simultaneously, as it were, but evening dress is taboo, and a free and easy atmosphere prevails. This may partly account for the readiness with which distinguished men accept invitations to address the club. At all events the Canadian Club entertains more notabilities, and brings more noted people to the city for the purpose of talking to its members, than any other local organization. It also furnishes about the most representative and open-minded audience that a speaker will find to address in Toronto.

The English journalist who recently said that the people of this country are lacking in what he aptly terms the sportsmanlike spirit, ought to attend a few meetings of the Canadian Club of Toronto. He would find this gathering of men, truly representative of the professional business and social life of the city, giving close and sympathetic attention to every man who comes before them to speak the word of his honest thought on any subject. He would find them putting aside, for the time being, personal and party bias, and applauding any speaker making a good point—making it sincerely and with good intent. The Canadian Club likes to hear all sides of every question, and welcomes ideas from any source on any matter touching the general welfare of the country. Among those who gave addresses before the club during the past year were: Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P., on "The Nationalist Movement in Quebec"; Mr. J. M. Courtney, C.M.G., on "The Finance Department of Canada"; Mr. A. F. Sheldon of Chicago, on "The Science of Modern Business Building"; Prof. W. A. Wyckoff of Princeton University on "A Constructive Social Policy"; Prof. Jas. W. Robertson of Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, on "Rural Schools"; Hon. H. R. Emmerson, M.P., on "Transportation"; Mr. Saint N. Sing of Punjab, India, on "India's Position in the Empire"; Prof. de Smetnach of Harvard University on "The British Empire Within and Without"; Dr. Wilfred Grenfell of Labrador, on "The Fisher Folk of Labrador"; General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army; the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, on "Some Lessons in Modern Democracy"; Mr. Ralph Smith, M.P., of Nanaimo, B.C., on "The Right Relations of Capital and Labor"; Prof. W. F. Osborne of Wesley College, Winnipeg on "Canadian Taste, Canadian Imagination, Canadian Conscience"; Principal Peterson of McGill University, Montreal, on "Education and Business." This list is sufficient to give an idea of the variety and value of the addresses listened to. Several local speakers were also heard, and it is interesting to note that one of these, Mr. George Tate Blackstock, K.C., speaking on "Some Tendencies," gave an address that was the wittiest and most entertaining of the year, and the one most direct in its appeal, which was for high ideals of Canadian citizenship and statesmanship.

The success of the club last year was due in a large measure to the president, Mr. Mark H. Irish, who presided at the meetings with dignity and discretion, and to the indefatigable secretary, Mr. A. E. Huestis. This year the club's officers are: President, Mr. John Turnbull; first Vice-President, Mr. Geo. H. D. Lee; second Vice-President, Mr. T. H. Mason; Secretary and Literary Correspondent, Mr. J. H. W. Mackie; Assistant Secretary Mr. Austin Hutchinson; Treasurer, Mr. R. J. Dilworth C.A. With these gentlemen at the helm the programme for the forthcoming year will no doubt be well arranged.

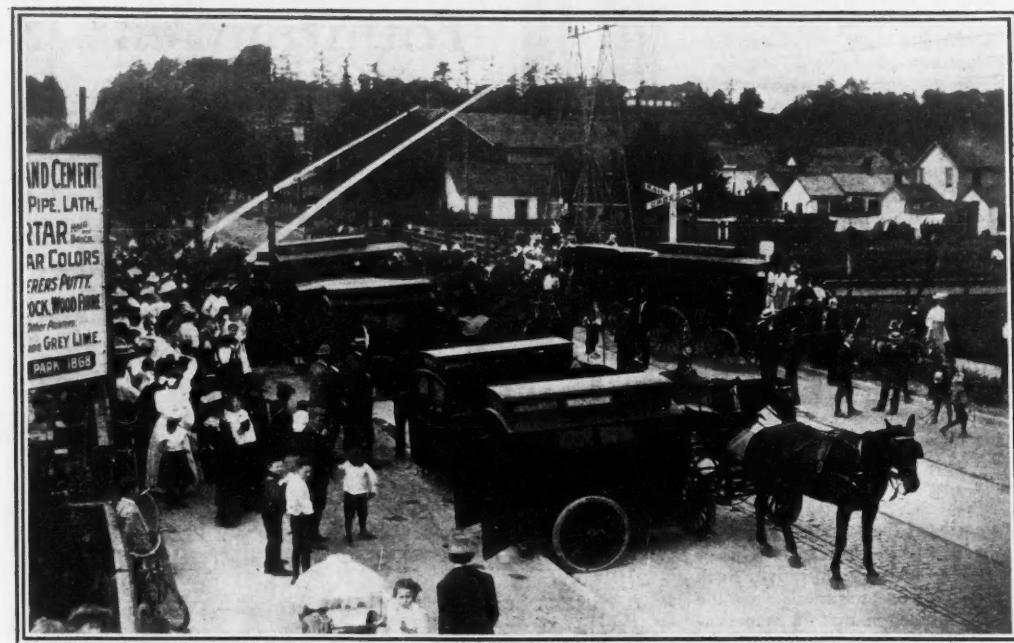
The Canadian Club idea is growing rapidly in popularity, and there are now clubs similar in aim to the one in Toronto, in the following cities and towns: Hamilton, Montreal, Ottawa, London, Orillia, Cornwall, Barrie, Guelph, St. Catharines, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Dawson, Vancouver, Victoria, Regina, Portage la Prairie, Quebec, Perth, Halifax, and St. John.

The Ontario Government means to start an active immigration work in the United Kingdom. It is authoritatively stated that in all probability agents for this work will be sent to London, Liverpool, Belfast, Cork, Manchester, Cardiff, Glasgow, Edinburgh and other British cities.



The Horse-Shoe Curve Disaster

This picture gives an idea of the violence of the wreck. This is an interior view of the third car from the engine. It turned a complete somersault, and was badly smashed, yet so far as known only one occupant of this coach was actually killed.



The Horse-Shoe Curve Disaster

Hospital ambulances at Dupont Street, Toronto, receiving the wounded on the arrival of the hospital train.

ANYONE who has ever travelled on the C.P.R. between Toronto and Owen Sound—the old Toronto, Grey and Bruce, once called “the narrow gauge”—will remember the horse-shoe curve at Caledon mountain. It is a bit of circuitous railroading, a short bit but with nothing quite like it anywhere in Ontario. Middle-aged men recall as a joke of their boyhood the story that a brakeman on the rear car of a freight train once got a light for his pipe from the engineer who was leaning from the window of his engine. This has been a pleasant story among people resident along the line for thirty years. But now the scene will be forever associated in men's minds with a tragedy that occurred there at 10.30 on Tuesday morning, September 3, 1907. A special excursion train bringing visitors from Markdale, Flesherton and other points as far down as Orangeville to the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto in coming around the horse-shoe jumped the track, and seven lives were lost and ninety people injured, many of them seriously, some fatally.

Rumor has it that the train was going at too great a speed—had been going too fast before reaching Orangeville. One passenger claims to have left the train at that town because of its too great speed, and he says he tried to induce one of the seven men who were killed, to wait over with him for the next train. When the engine jumped the track the light combination baggage and smoking car that followed was crushed like an egg-shell in the impact. The two coaches behind the smoker were overturned and badly smashed. Eye-witnesses say that no person could believe that from such a heap of violent wreckage so many passengers on a packed train should escape alive.

For many years this horse-shoe curve has seemed to demonstrate the paradox that there is least danger where danger is greatest—for here the danger was so apparent that trainmen never forgot to use caution. But the disaster came at last. The engineer handling the train was twenty-three years of age, had handled freights, but was a new man at passenger work. Some critics say that the “horse-shoe curve” was not a sound bit of railroading, and that the C.P.R. should be held responsible for using it. The solicitor of the company replies that a deviation of the line had been arranged for several years ago, but provision to make the change was refused on motion of Mr. Stubbs, the member for Cardwell, who represented the constituency in which the “horse-shoe curve” is situated.

The seven who lost their lives are: Norris Tucker, Flesherton, aged fifteen; John Thurston, Walter's Falls; James Banks, Perm; W. A. Armstrong, Markdale; James Buller, Priceville; Robert Carr, Shelburne; Richard Bell, Shrigley.

How to Become Rich.

In order to become rich it is necessary merely to follow the perfectly simple procedure of any king of finance. Thus:

Borrow all the money you can upon the property you already own.

With the money buy more property.

Combine the two properties, float a loan upon them, and with the money buy a third property.

Merge the three properties, use the merger as security for a loan, and with the money buy another large property.

Consolidate this with the others, select a board of directors, and authorize yourself to float twice as much stock as there is.

Sell this stock, and with the money buy five or six more properties.



The Horse-Shoe Curve Disaster

Carrying the wounded from the train to the ambulances.

Organize a holding company which will carry the stocks of all the properties.

You are now so wealthy and influential that you do not need to make any more loans.

Increase the stock of your properties, and sell bonds upon them.

Authorize yourself to buy everything in sight with this money.

Now you will have control of everything; also, you will have the say-so in any number of subsidiary companies, and a controlling voice in eight or nine insurance companies and national banks.

After this there doesn't seem to be much for you to do except to get the dyspepsia get bald, and prattle gently about the excellence of moral proverbs.—W. D. Nesbit in Life.

The men who of all others, can sympathize with the predicament in which Kaid Maclean now finds himself, are Mr. Ion Perdicaris and Mr. Walter Harris. Both of them have been captives in the power of the wild Moorish tribes surrounding Tangier, and know how distinctly unpleasant it is to be at the mercy of Raisuli and his gang. Ion Perdicaris comes of noble Greek lineage on his father's side while his mother's American birth gives him fellow-feeling with the interests of to-day. His beautiful palace just outside the walls of Tangier is one of the sights of that romantic city. There, smothered in rosebushes and tangles of tropical creepers, he lives a life more like a page from the “Arabian Nights” than the experience of an up-to-date poet, artist, statesman, and raconteur. His wife is an American lady, strikingly handsome, with “clouds” of golden hair, and the grande air which has earned her the name of Queen of Sheba among her many friends. It is about three years since Raisuli captured Mr. Perdicaris, together with his stepson, Mr. Cromwell Varley; and the large sum paid for their ransom has perhaps “greased the teeth” of the crafty brigand and impelled him to this new venture. Mr. Harris is the correspondent of The Times at Tangier. His house, Kasba-el-Baida, is one of the most charming residences in Morocco; and there he and his wife, Lady Mary (nee Savile) offer superb hospitality to the few Europeans who find their way to the fascinating, though dangerous dominions of the Sultan Muley Aziz. Mr. Harris has travelled widely, and published many volumes of his adventures. Lady Mary is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Mexborough.

A Consideration of Richard Mansfield

By Hector Charlesworth

IN the closing lines of his beautiful series of sonnets on the French tragedienne, Rachel, Mathew Arnold says:

“The strife, the mixture in her soul and ours,
Her glory and her genius were her own.”

These are words which should be in the minds of everyone who sits down to write of any man or woman who has achieved anything in any sphere—anyone who has added to the world's stock of beauty, or contributed to this workaday world's ennoblement. They should be remembered in considering the career of any orator, musician, painter, poet, man of letters, or even actor, who by sheer individuality has been an illuminating force among his contemporaries. They were written of an actress who was a law unto herself while she lived, and they apply with equal significance to a Whistler, a Dickens, or a Daniel Webster. Though the words “glory” and “genius” do not precisely apply to the career of Richard Mansfield, they should especially be recalled in his case because throughout his career his achievements were under estimated rather than over praised. Even in his untimely death he has been denied much of the usual adulation which colors the obituaries of men of achievement. This is singular since actors, both in life and death, are often loved and praised beyond their deserts. There seems to be no concerted opinion even now as to his worth to his generation, and he who in his lifetime neither sought nor asked favors, has received none. What we must admit, however, was that his was an individuality with so many facets that it appealed in different ways to different temperaments, and beyond peradventure he has been an illuminating force in his generation. By virtue of his qualities estimates of him must be impressionistic and based on one's personal tastes and sympathies. A systematic academic consideration of all his characteristics would be extremely difficult despite the complaint that the modern theatre confines the actor to but few roles. Mansfield in less than three decades played an incredibly large number of parts, covering every phase of histrionic achievement from comic opera to Shakespearean tragedy made revivals for his own pleasure of works seemingly impossible for stage purposes, opened new paths in all directions.

The cardinal fact of his career is that he asserted his freedom from any kind of public or managerial restraint as no other actor has done. One does not mean that he cast over the moral code—the first accusation to be levelled against many noted actors by enemies of the stage. The subject of continuous backbiting, or what is conventionally called “the breath of scandal” never touched him. The bar sinister in his pedigree seems indeed to have had a reflex effect upon him, for in his private relations he seems to have lived the life of a quiet, high minded and cultured gentleman. This is not important in considering the quality of his artistic achievements, but it perhaps had a bearing on the immensity of the effort he put forth.

Mansfield was among his own profession undoubtedly the best hated actor who ever lived. Now that his death has revealed the fact that for years he suffered from a painful malady of the liver, while performing herculean labors as an artist, some of the reasons for this become transparent. The ancients who symbolized the seat of one's character in the liver, just as we do in the heart, had justification. This is a prosaic phase of the subject, but undoubtedly it explains why Mansfield often inflicted torture on some of those around him. He came to be regarded with such dislike in his own profession that his slightest action was magnified and declared to be “one of Mansfield's fakes.” This is best illustrated by the fact that even the news of his illness was widely declared among actors and theatrical business men a mere advertising dodge. They could not understand that a man of such strenuous labors was entitled even to a rest, and probably no noted artist went to his death amid less general solicitude. Looked at inversely, this was in itself a tribute to his individuality. It implied that an artist so indomitable and energetic could break down in his prime. In the talk of “fakes” and “advertising dodges” there was also a tacit recognition of Mansfield's hold upon the public. His traducers assumed that it was by these means he held his place with them. For though he never apparently gave heed to that nebulous quantity known as “public taste,” there was no evidence of waning loyalty toward him. In some parts the public liked him better than in others, but it always gave him a ready ear.

In the daily press the details of his achievement have already been given at length, and it is not necessary to rehearse them for the purposes of this article. He was probably the most cultured actor of his time. He had been carefully trained for an artistic career by an impulsive, excitable, but doting mother, a type much the same as Sudermann's Magda. In music art and languages he was proficient before he resolved to become an actor. Nor could one regard him as instinctively an actor, in the sense that Edmund Kean or David Garrick (the man whom he most resembled in variety of achievement) were so. In short, he was not a man of genius. One could not imagine him coming upon the stage of Drury Lane half starved, ill and shabbily clad, electrifying a few people scattered among empty benches, as did Edmund Kean when he first played Shylock in London. Nevertheless his own leap to fame resembled that of his great predecessor, for the story has often been told of how the nicety and intensity of his performance as the roue Baron Chevalier in “A Parisian Romance,” made him famous throughout the American theatrical world in a single night. But this was an intellectual achievement rather than one of natural genius. It was one for which his education and culture had fitted him. He saw the possibilities of a role which so able an actor as Mr. J. H. Stoddart had rejected as unworthy of his abilities.

For my own part, while I enjoy to the full a conscientious and well rounded character study, I have never shared the view of some critics, especially those of two decades ago, that such work represented the best histrionic achievement. In such labor the makeup and a few tricks of voice easily acquired by an intelligent young actor, represent more than half of the achievement. The real talent of the thespian is to be discovered in what he does without these adventitious aids. To a man of Mansfield's natural distinction and magnetism the business of a character actor was comparatively easy. His education and training gave him an ample knowledge of the requisite detail, and preserved him from those errors in taste, which are the pitfalls of the ordinary character actor. Mansfield's defect, in my way of thinking, was an over devotion to character roles, though perhaps in a monetary

sense he was wise. That he loved such roles is apparent from the number of them that he played. The great defect in his Shylock was the fact that he overlaid the “character” aspect of the work, going so far as to pronounce the lines of Shakespeare with the slight but perceptible accent of the educated Hebrew.

One of the first men to perceive that Mansfield's true achievement lay in roles which permitted him to give free expression to his own vigorous, straightforward personality, was Bernard Shaw. It will be remembered that Mansfield was the first distinguished actor to recognize the theatrical possibilities of the writer whose name is now on everybody's lips. He produced “Arms and the Man” in 1894, and “The Devil's Disciple” in 1897. Apparently they had been friends together in London, for Shaw wrote him a warning letter when “Arms and the Man” was in rehearsal, with the plea: “Don't try to act, Dick; just be yourself.” It has always seemed a pity to me that, with such a repertoire of modern roles as the dramatists of modern Europe afford, an actor who was obviously master of his fate, and captain of his soul should have wasted his incisive personality on so many roles that were all paint and fine feathers. When he did essay Ibsen instead of choosing one of the closely knit dramas for which he was obviously the man, he selected “Peer Gynt” which Ibsen never intended for the stage, merely because it permitted him a fine “production” and three different types of makeup.

The rare quality of his “Richard III,” a success despite his perverse cutting of some important speeches, lay in the indomitable air he gave to the youthful, remorseless conqueror. The manner in which he handled the scene with the ghosts and then went onward to the fight, desperate and undaunted to the last, has hardly been equalled in intellectual power or surpassed in force by any actor of his time. Mansfield's voice, though unpleasant to some, was a great aid to him in certain scenes. In scenes of action it was biting as a sword thrust, and yet at certain times it was gentle and suave. This was especially true of his performance of Henry V. Purists objected to his “readings” (what Shakespearean actor ever got his “readings” to suit the school men?) but it was a princely, valorous performance, an ideal picture of buoyant heroic youth, infused with high refinement and aspiration.

In brief it was in the intellectual expression of youth, with its impulses, its hopes, its courage and aspirations, that Mansfield did his finest and least approachable work. One of the most delightful of his minor achievements the Prince in “Old Heidelberg” has escaped the attention of his obituarists. It remains in my memory as a very delicate expression of art. The subtle means by which the man of the world of forty-seven expressed the emotion and sentiment of the shy lad of eighteen, elude one's analysis. It seemed evoked from his own past. Another of these charming studies was Monsieur Beaucaire. Worthless though the play was, Mansfield's graces and accomplishments had free play and made it something better worth listening to than his artificial portrayals of senile old men. What made Beau Brummel tolerable was the opportunity it gave the actor to express the arrogance and pride of his own temperament. Cyrano de Bergerac another character which on the reading would seem to give opportunity for his special gifts as a “character” actor was a flat performance to me. But then in reality Cyrano is but “words, words, words,” not the aggressive, determined personage to fit the Mansfield personality.

One more point must be emphasized in considering his relation to the stage of his time. That was his ability to galvanize the actors of his company into good achievement. In a Mansfield production nothing was slurred and no man's opportunity crushed. It is said that at rehearsal he sometimes acted every part in a play himself, and his labors in this respect undoubtedly contributed to his early death.

He lived a clean life, and a life which all who love art and beauty will hold to have been a useful one to his fellow men. Whether it be true or not that he was capricious in his dealings with his associates, he was never capricious in his devotion to the highest ideals of his art. He was at once a freed man and a slave; because his bonds were of his own welding. And perhaps in the depths of his tempestuous soul there dwelt a happiness born of the wearing of them.

Toronto, Sept., 1907.

Cost of a Country House in Britain.

IT is said that there are at least sixty country houses in the United Kingdom which require a staff of from two hundred and fifty to five hundred servants and involve an annual bill for wages ranging up to \$100,000, and in many of them the gardens alone account for more than \$25,000 a year, says The Bellman. How large are the numbers of servants employed in connection with these estates is shown by a relatively modest establishment in Suffolk. The total number of servants employed is one hundred and seventy-three.

This, it should be remembered, is but a second-class establishment, although its wages bill reaches \$40,000 a year. Of still smaller establishments there are about six hundred in the United Kingdom employing between fifty and a hundred servants with wages bills averaging at least \$20,000.

Expensive as country seats are to maintain, they are little more costly than town houses. For a tiny house in Park Lane, such as would be procurable in a London suburb for \$300 a year, a rental of \$15,000 is asked, while some of the larger houses command a rent running into five figures. In Grosvenor Square the rents range from five to thirty thousand dollars a year. In St. James' Square you may pay as much as an annual \$50,000; \$300,000 has been paid for a house in Carlton House Terrace, and Lord Burton gave \$750,000 for a house in South Audley street.

And town and country houses are but a part of the expenditure of the wealthy class of Englishmen. A steam yacht may easily run away with \$25,000 a year; a similar sum is by no means uncommon for a grouse moor and a deer forest; a London season, with its costly entertainments, may easily account for \$50,000, and so on through the long list of items which figure in the annual balance sheet of the rich and which are considered as necessary to them as is tobacco to a poor man. It is thus not difficult to see how agast many a man would be if he were suddenly brought face to face with the necessity of cutting down his expenditure to a pitiful \$250,000 a year.

The King of Siam is a practical exemplar of nepotism. His one brother and twenty half-brothers fill all the important administrative and executive posts in the government. But he draws the line on the distaff side of his family. His sisters and daughters are not allowed to marry, for fear of possible rivals to the throne.

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Return limit Sept. 16th.

Important Notice

The special train leaving Toronto 1.40 P.M. Saturday for Jackson's Point will be discontinued after Saturday, Sept. 14th.

The 4.30 P.M. for Jackson's Point will run daily except Sunday, commencing Monday, Sept. 9th.

The 2.40 A.M. Night Express for Muskoka, Wharf, North Bay and Temagami, will be discontinued after Sept. 7th.

The 12.05 A.M. Buffalo Express will be discontinued after Sept. 7th.

Full information and tickets at City Office, Northwest corner King and Yonge Streets.

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The Cartoonist as a Factor in Public Affairs

BY WILLIAM G. COLGATE.

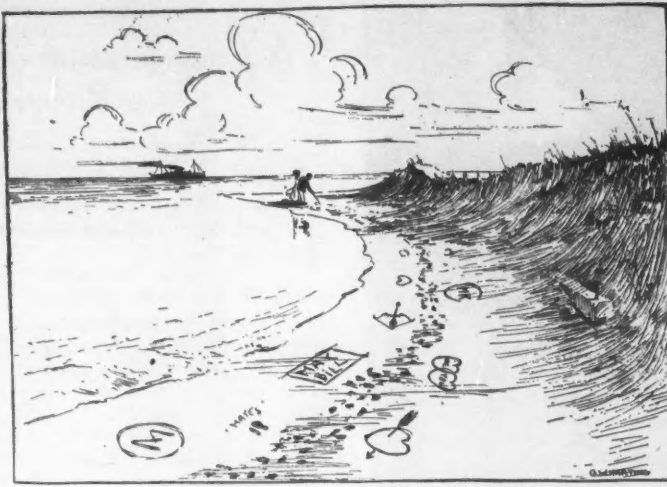
OF the many varying conditions, circumstances and influences that enter into the formation of that somewhat unstable quantity known as public opinion, it is safe to say that perhaps none contribute a greater share toward the shaping of that particular end than the cartoonist of the modern newspaper or periodical. The political cartoon as we have it to-day is of comparatively recent origin. True, Hogarth and his contemporaries antedate us by some years, yet it is considerably less than a century since the cartoonist began to be considered as a power to be reckoned with in the instituting of a political or public campaign. Now, thousands of dollars are spent annually upon the cartoon feature by the proprietors of the great metropolitan dailies. And the limit of expenditure is not yet in sight.

It is not so long since an enterprising newspaper publisher in New York, whose name is a by-word throughout the English-speaking world, had a large staff of cartoonists and writers moved from his New York office to one in Chicago for the purpose of taking—so far as pen and pencil could do it—an active part in a mayoralty contest there. It is hardly necessary to state that the move was based solely on political motives and not through any great desire to benefit directly the municipality. Such events, however, tend to show the trend of affairs in newspaper circles toward a closer connection with things political, and the value of the cartoonist and others in establishing that relationship.

With the institution of Punch and other similar publications in the early part of the Victorian era—due partly to the increased facilities for producing plates—greater encouragement was given the cartoonist than heretofore. Eminent artists of note were not ashamed to have their productions seen in the pages of these so-called cheap magazines. Sir John Gilbert, Keene, Cruikshank, Leach, Du Maurier, Harry Furniss, Sir John Tenniel and others practically owed their first start to the introduction of these humorous magazines. These periodicals ultimately laid the foundation for a school of caricaturists and wits and satirists whose brilliant efforts have since influenced and enlivened many of England's most famous political campaigns. Punch, thanks to the potency of her exceptional staff, continued to exercise considerable influence over public affairs in England for many years, but, unfortunately, like many another journalistic venture that has started out with bright prospects, developed later into a mere common society weekly of the particularly harmless kind.

It was with the advent of Nast—Thomas Nast—that caricature received its first decided impetus in America. Nast has been called the "father of the political cartoon in America," and, to my knowledge, there have been none to dispute the title. At the commencement of his career, Nast, not unlike many another of his confreres, was a very indifferent draughtsman, but as if to offset the lack of this ability, he had an inexhaustible fund of strong, clever and striking ideas. He had somehow managed to get out of the beaten track of caricature and had evolved a style all his own; and which later proved to be very effective.

It was the infamous Tweed Ring that made Nast—that made him a man of mark and brought him into prominence in the public eye. He brought all his ingenuity and wit to bear upon the denunciation and exposure of Boss Tweed and his gang of blacklegs and hoodlums, who were robbing New York yearly of millions of dollars through their gross criminality in handling civic contracts whereby they were enriching themselves and their friends at the city's expense. Such was the extent of Tweed's power that no one—paper or party—seemed brave enough to cry out against this wholesale looting of the civic treasury. There had been a little outcry at first, but it soon subsided. Tweed, by threats and bribes managed to coerce and suborn nearly every newspaper and periodical of prominence in New York. But Nast, through the medium of the New York Times, then about the only paper that remained fearless and independent, kept hammering away at the "Ring" and making exposure after exposure until finally public indignation became thoroughly aroused and investigations begun which ended in the effectually breaking up of the "Ring," the imprisonment



"THE BLAZED TRAIL."—Harper's Weekly.

ment of Boss Tweed and finally his death. Tweed himself attributed the direct cause of his downfall to Nast. And when we consider that public opinion was for a long time on the side of Tweed, it cannot but be considered a mighty tribute to the genius of Nast.

In order to show to what lengths the "Ring" would go in order to achieve its ends unmolested, it is recorded that on one occasion they offered Nast \$5,000,000 in order that he might, as they suggested, go to Europe and study art. It was a large amount and tempting to one of Nast's circumstances, but he withstood it, and ultimately had the satisfaction of accomplishing the end he had been so earnestly and consistently striving for.

Davenport, of the New York Journal; Bush, of the New York World; Oppen and others have become widely known through their efforts in the direction of the public welfare. The latter's cartoons against the trusts and similar monopolies have made him widely known, besides arousing to some degree public resentment against these questionable products of modern civilization. The usual work of C. D. Gibson puts him outside the pale of political cartoonists. His work is of a higher artistic standard, but none the less his influence is manifest among the people, and his cleverness and skill in depicting the faults and foibles of frail humanity have made his name popular amongst all classes. Popularity may be sometimes fatal to genius, but in Gibson's case it has only spurred him on to greater effort.

Contrary to natural expectations it is not always imperative that a caricaturist be an artist in the strict sense of the word before he can fulfill the requirements of his position. Probably one of the most famous of American cartoonists, Homer Davenport, of the New York Journal, who draws an enormous yearly salary, has confessed his inability to draw very little of his work correctly, according to artistic standards. Although to the average person his drawings may seem eminently satisfactory in this respect, yet to the artist, or one who understands drawing, his work is glaringly faulty. We might cite Charles Dana Gibson as one of those cartoonists who can and does draw artistically true in every proportion.

The power or influence of the cartoonist with the public is often questioned. It is true that if he is a man of fertile ideas, possessed of a keen intuitive mind with a wide grasp of affairs, he may wield great influence. Just so long as he is successful in retaining the requisite knowledge of his profession, he will continue to be a strong factor in the moulding of public opinion. The caricaturist's work is largely of an anticipatory nature. He must always be keenly alert with his ear, close to the ground listening for any warning of an impending political upheaval or public crisis, or any new feature that will put a different aspect on the situation of affairs in general. His job is no sine-cure—and if he is regularly employed on the staff of a large city daily, he earns his money—every cent of it. The drawing out of the cartoon is but the consummation of an idea that from its germinal stage may have taken days or weeks in developing. In a word, the work requires much hard, diligent thinking and an intimate knowledge of public affairs. This perhaps will disillusion some of those folk with an eye to "snaps" who really believe that all the cartoonist does daily is to arrive at the office late in the morning, sink into a luxuriously cushioned chair and scribble off a few lines at his desk, hand the sketch to the editor and then go home. And I have talked with people who really believed that to be so.

To give an idea of how far ahead a cartoonist should be able to gauge affairs of public moment, George B. McCutcheon, of the Chicago World, once took a month's holidays in China but before he went he had prepared and left at the office of the paper,

ready for publication, cartoons for a month in advance! These covered a wide range of subjects from politics to forecasts of the weather. Of course where the issue of an event was doubtful, two cartoons were provided so that in either case the matter was subject to pictorial treatment. This idea is also carried out in connection with election night, special editions and lantern-slide humor.

Some well-known newspaper editors have claimed for the cartoon that it is an editorial in epitome. Of course this is really a point of view. If such be the case, however, then the position of cartoonist must rank on equal basis with that of the editorial writer—the moulder of the paper's opinions. That the cartoonist is a person possessed of considerable power when he fulfills the destinies of his position many notable instances attest, while as to whether he will continue to remain a factor in social and political progress rests principally with himself. His career is his own—his future as he makes it.

The question sometimes arises as to whether a cartoonist must be necessarily of the same political faith as the paper he represents. This is preferable, but not imperative. Such a case in direct antithesis to the Biblical injunction that "a man cannot serve two masters at once," was witnessed when a cartoonist of this city was seen working in his regular capacity for two papers of entirely opposite political opinion. But such cases are rare.

Toronto, Sept., 1907.

Ballad.

The burden of dead ladies
(Dead long ago),
Swart Egypt and White Helen
Who brought Troy low,
The damoyse Sir Gwydion
Made from a flower,
And little maiden Barbara
High on her tower.
The burden of old battles
And broken swords:
And the burden of drowned cities
—Yes and her lords:
The burden of the east wind
That will not rest:
The burden of dead ladies
Goes mournfullest.

—Nora Chesson.

Reports that Ouida is starving have been followed by other reports that she finds satisfaction in that condition and objects with much spirit to being relieved. No doubt she has become very imperfectly capable of taking care of herself, but at least she is living up to the principles by which she flourished. Among all the heroes of Ouida's novels we do not recall any successful business man.—Life.

Live like a sensible poor man, no matter how much money you have, or it's locomotor ataxia for you, and the nut college for your children.—The Philistine.

"Cheer up! There is a silver lining to every cloud!" "Well, what good is that? I haven't got an airship."—Pick-Me-Up.

No man is a hero to his wife's relatives.—Life.

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PRINCESS

WEEK OF September 9th.

MATINEES

Wednesday and Saturday

DANIEL FROHMAN

PRESENTS

The Boys of Company "B"

A Comedy of National Guard Life

BY RITA JOHNSON YOUNG

Author of "Brown of Harvard"

WITH

JOHN BARRYMORE



"THE Boys of Company B," which will be the offering at the Princess next week, will probably be a success here because the people of this city incline towards the wholesome and normal in plays; and when these advantages are increased by genuine comedy the dramatic work is likely to win popularity.

Mrs. Young, in "The Boys of Company B," tells a direct and probable story dealing with conditions in New York society. Her chief character is a happy-go-lucky, popular young pauper whose law practice, "if not growing has sprouted." The heroine is a lovely girl of society. The course of true love in the case of these two is made rough and devious by the girl's ambitious mother who wants her to marry a wealthy cad. When the hero is about to overcome this objection he finds himself in a greater difficulty. He has kissed the lispng coquette of the village, and has also sent her a love note written for one of his pals. When Eileen believes that Tony has been playing false she decides in favor of the rich man. It is said that the last act is very interesting, and that John Barrymore, as the hero, proves himself an actor of skill.

Josephine Drake, who plays Eileen in this humorous romance, is attractive in appearance, and her acting is marked by naturalness and ease, which are rare in these days. Among the young comedians who supply the traditional "sixty laughs in sixty minutes" are Morgan Coman, Florence Nash, Marie Mallon, Arthur Kappeler and Roy Fairchild. Verner Clarges, an actor of the old school, plays Tony's irascible uncle with unction and telling effect.

The scenic surroundings are effective. The first act is a gymnasium



Florence Gear

As the College Girl in the play, "Cupid at Vassar," at the Grand next week.

scene filled with action and accident. The second act shows the summer camp of the amateur soldiers with the Hudson river in the distance. The last act is the hall in a country home near by.

"The Road to Yesterday," a comedy of fantasy, which will be the attraction at the Royal Alexandra Theatre next week, commencing Monday, September 9, is best described as pretty. It has a few exciting moments to be sure, but for the most part one may sit back in his seat and lazily take in the easy flow of gentle satire and whimsical humor. The theme is a capital one and it is to the credit of the authors, Beulah M. Dix and Evelyn G. Sutherland, that they have succeeded in making the play seem real, for it is no easy matter to transfer a group of Bohemians of an artist's studio of modern Kensington Elizabethan England, and carry out the idea that the motives and deeds of the dream characters of 1903 can be traced back to romantic ancestors. This idea of the authors is reincarnation working the other way. The dream is on the whole well carried out by the players, ten of whom have to play characters connected by blood, but three centuries apart in life. Minnie Dupree, as the heroine, plays the part of the dreamer. There are very few women on the American stage who have worked more faithfully in helping to make the plays of other stars, than Miss Dupree has—her work for instance in "Held by the Enemy," "The Two Little Vagrants," "The Cowboy," and best remembered of all, her portrayal of



Josephine Drake

Leading woman of "The Boys of Company B," the attraction at the Princess Theatre next week.

the long lost daughter of Van Baring in David Warfield's famous play, "The Music Master," have given her fame and a niche all to herself in the world of ingenues; but in "The Road to Yesterday," she looms up as the central figure and her characterization of Elspeth Tyell, the young American girl, established her as one of our foremost stars.

White Whittlesey, in the part of Lord Strangeven, Robert Dempster as Reform Jack, Charles Clary as Will w' the Feather, Eleanor Moretti as the gypsy Malena, Julia Blanc as the witch, Esther Lyon as Eleanor Tynley, Josephine Florence Shepard as Aunt Harriet, and Willis S. Martin as Hubert contribute materially in giving finish to the performance.

Sam S. and Lee Shubert have provided "The Road to Yesterday" with a gorgeous production, the transformation scene of which is a revelation of splendid stage effects.

Miss Minnie Dupree, it is said, resumes her work as the little dreamy elf in "The Road to Yesterday," more impressed than ever by its mysticism. This does not mean that she is in willing pursuit of odd theories, but that she is trying to simplify the vivid impressions of her own part in a play that tells the poetic justice of blind faith of any kind.

"The Road to Yesterday" is a dream for dreamers, and Miss Dupree in yielding to its interpretation of reincarnation finds herself to-day in the deep waters of unproved beliefs.

A less assuming, a more earnestly simple little woman than Miss Dupree it would be hard to find in the theatre, and although she was the first to recognize the value of the play and to feel its purpose, she is not entirely convinced that we are what we are, if we were something very different before.

"And yet," she said recently, "what a question it is—the more you think about it and study it the more by-ways one finds to be lost in."

"In studying the part you play in 'The Road to Yesterday,' you had to conceive of its premises, you had to believe that dreams have truth in them?" she was asked. "To retain one's identity in the life of sleep is an ordinary experience, I think, of people who dream, but—what relation that fact may have with the theory of reincarnation is quite beyond reason to follow. What were

you, for instance in a neutral state, before you entered the human cycle?"

"I think I must have been an old broken-down cab horse, because whenever I see one the old thing goes straight to my heart."

"Then there is hope for the salvation of the cab horse?"

"Some day, more oats, perhaps, for I believe in the ultimate compensation of every living thing for the unavoidable hindrances of life. Sooner or later there is justice done to the unfortunate, to the passive souls who live out their destinies to an inevitable reward."

"The ways of the brain are not as true as the ways of the heart."

"I suppose I am old-fashioned, but the things one feels deeply are better than the cold calculations of reason. All animals, for instance, attract or repel us according to the feeling they show for the best or the worse human standards."

"I have friends who in their daily relations show splendid qualities, self-sacrifice, courage, nobility, and yet they could not satisfy completely because their sensibilities were not so keen as they might have been. For instance, I knew a man once whose definite resemblance to his original species—before he became a human I mean—puzzled me. Usually you can trace a fixed identity of instinct in people by their likeness to animals or birds—yes, and insects, perhaps. Well this man's animal prototype evaded me until one day, after a long and trying run in the sun, in which he rode bareheaded, his eyes became small, his lips swollen, his whole physical aspect returned to his original species; and I saw at once that he had been an elephant. That is just what he was—slow, sagacious, considerate, timid and big as a house."

"The authors of the play are more convinced than I am of its realities," said Miss Dupree. "Dear women friends of mine as they are, they believe that in a previous incarnation they were men. But now, being women, they believe in their privilege of comparative experience that the soul is without sex."

Jules Murray has been curiously happy in the study of types for his new musical college-girl play "Cupid at Vassar." He is a keen observer of people in actual life, and naturally he has found a fine variety of characters. In this new play, which comes to the Grand next week, he has had the author introduce a number of the most amusing and effective types in his repertoire. In Amos North, one of the characters, he has sketched a familiar type found in the village—the son and junior partner of the principal moneyed man in the place. Weak and wily and willing to be wicked should the opportunity offer, he is the absolute antithesis to the sturdy, self-reliant, manly fellow sketched in John Willett, the hero. Willett is a young architect, with name and fortune to make. He is the alert, energetic Yankee found in every community in New England. Frank and open-hearted, his love-making is of the ingenious kind. He sees no wrong, doing none. But, once his eyes are opened and he finds to what lengths the miserable Amos has gone, his indignation knows no bounds. "Shiny" and "Hank Gubbin," the hired man, have the burden of the fun-making on their shoulders. Wanda, the half-sister of Kate, is a composite of two women met by Mr. Murray in Mississippi.



Miss Minnie Dupree

Seeing herself in the dream character of "The Road to Yesterday," at the Royal Alexandra next week commencing Monday, Sept. 9

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278 — TIMES IN NEW YORK — 278
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Cupid at Vassar
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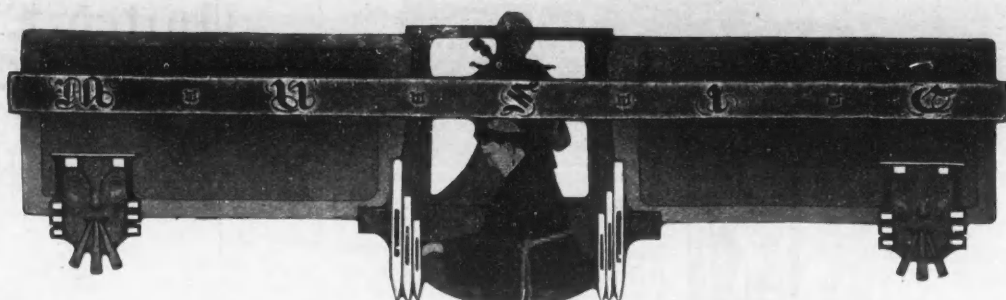
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THE leaders of music are rapidly returning to town. Dr. Torrington and Dr. Vogt came back last Saturday, both looking in excellent health and eager to resume their educational work. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp was back on Tuesday and has resumed his piano classes at the Conservatory. Mr. Frank Welsman is home from Muskoka and has reopened his studio at the Conservatory. Mr. W. O. Forsyth returned on Wednesday and has resumed his private teaching and also his duties at the Metropolitan School of Music. Mr. Frank C. Smith, the violinist, who passed his holidays at Old Orchard Beach, is also home again and is receiving his pupils at his studio, 143 Yonge street.

The first rehearsal of the Mendelssohn Choir for this season will be held at the Conservatory of Music, on Tuesday evening next. The reorganization of the chorus has for some time been completed, and Mr. Vogt reports a body of singers of a higher general average than any which has yet been gathered under his baton. It is confidently expected that with the assistance of so superb an orchestra as the Theodore Thomas, of Chicago, and with soloists of the first rank, the concerts of February next will surpass in interest any in the history of the society. Among the artists already engaged is Josef Hofmann, who was the pianistic sensation of the season in Toronto two years ago.

The sixth of Mr. Wheelton's series of organ recitals was given Wednesday night in the Metropolitan church, a large audience being present. By request, the programme consisted of Mr. Wheelton's own compositions, with the exception of two piano, and organ duets, by Widor. Mr. Wheelton has a wide reputation as a composer of organ music, and his performance quite justified it. His compositions are thoroughly musical, and show marked ability. Perhaps the best known of his pieces is "Carillon," which is well worked out, and which Mr. Wheelton played to the best advantage. Of the other numbers, "Cantilene," was especially pretty, and introduced the chimes of the organ very delicately. The combination of the piano and organ, as a duet, is rather a rare one, and was well executed, Mr. T. J. Palmer playing the piano part.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson has returned from his vacation and is again teaching at the Conservatory of Music.

The first rehearsal of the Toronto Festival Chorus for the season will be held at the Toronto College of Music, 14 Pembroke street, on Tuesday evening next, Sept. 10, at 8 o'clock. A large attendance is asked for. New members are requested to procure copies of "The Cross of Fire" and "Stabat Mater," as the rehearsal will be on these works.

Frank E. Blachford and Dr. Frederic Nicolai, both members of the Toronto String Quartette, are coming back this week from Lake Rosseau, where they have spent part of the summer holidays. The quartette practices will be resumed at once. The dates of the series of three concerts they intend giving will be announced very shortly.

Miss Marie C. Strong has returned to Toronto, after having spent a pleasant holiday in the eastern states. Miss Strong will resume her classes at her studio, 97 Yonge street.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock has resumed his vocal teaching after an extended vacation and will be found at his studio, room 5, Nordheimer's, daily from 9 to 5 o'clock. During the next two weeks the hours from 2 to 4 each afternoon will be reserved especially for consultation, and from 8 to 9 on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at his residence. Both studio and residence have telephone connection.

Students of the cello will be pleased to hear that a scholarship to consist of a cello (valued at \$300) has been given, instituted by Mr. R. S. Williams, the well known violin expert, in favor of Dr. Nicolai's pupils at the Conservatory of Music.

Mr. R. S. Williams certainly shows how greatly he is interested in the advancement of music in Toronto.

Mr. Rhynd Jamieson, our well known local baritone, sang in Centenary Methodist church, Hamilton, last Sunday, morning and evening, at the request of Mr. W. H. Hewlett, organist and choirmaster of the church. Mr. Jamieson received many congratulations on his splendid singing and has been re-engaged to sing in Hamilton later in the season. It is only a short time ago since Mr. Jamieson sang in Centenary church and his singing on that occasion attracted much attention.

Miss Nellie Jackson, of Agincourt, one of Mr. Sherlock's pupils, has been appointed soloist in the choir of the Methodist church, Markham. The Economist says: "Miss Jackson has a very sweet soprano voice which shows evidence of careful cultivation and rich promise in the future."

The Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, resumed operations last Tuesday, September 3. The record made by this institution last season, under Mr. W. O. Forsyth's musical direction, was an exceptionally fine one, and the new calendar, just issued for gratuitous distribution, indicates that ample preparations have been made for another, exceedingly active season.

The greatest interest is being taken in the forthcoming visit of the Bishop of London to Toronto, and arrangements are rapidly being pushed forward for the mass service which will be held on Friday evening, September 13, at Massey Hall. This service is being held on a week day evening instead of Sunday afternoon, so that the numerous Sunday School workers of the city can be present. All the clergy and choirs of the city will be present, though whether supplied or not, has not yet been settled. His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, will preside, and the music, under the charge of Dr. Albert E. Ham, of St. James' Cathedral, will be of an elaborate nature.

Miss Georgina Knight, of Stratford, Ont., has been appointed contralto soloist for St. Paul's (Anglican) church choir, Toronto.

Mr. C. E. Riene, of Toronto, has been appointed tenor soloist for St. Paul's (Anglican) church choir, Toronto.

On Sunday evening last at the Sherbourne street Methodist church, Mr. Arthur Blakeley rendered a special selection of sacred music, much to the delight of the large crowd of Exhibition visitors and others who were present. The selections which were given with all Mr. Blakeley's skill and touch were as follows: 1. Prelude, C. sharp minor, Rachmaninoff; 2. March, Queen of Sheba, Gounod; 3. Rondo, sixth sonata, Bach; 4. Selection, The Answer, Wolleminstein; 5. The Toccata, from the Fifth Orpheus Symphony, Widor. Mrs. Pickard, during the service, sang in a most pleasing and artistic manner "The Penitent." Mr. Blakeley will give a similar recital tomorrow (Sunday) evening.

Mme. Katharine Goodson, the distinguished English pianist, who made such a phenomenal success on her American tour last season will sail on the Saxonia for Boston, September 17, arriving in that city September 26, preparatory to beginning her tour of the season of 1907-8. She will proceed at once to Worcester, where she will rehearse for her appearance there October 4 as soloist at the Worcester Festival. Mme. Goodson has been booked for appearances with all the prominent orchestras of the country and with the Kneisel Quartette, and will be heard in many recitals.

The important post of organist of Trinity Methodist church, Bloor street west, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, has been filled by the appointment of a bright young Canadian organist, who already in a short time has won his spurs, viz., Dr. Russell Marshall. Dr. Marshall, who is a native of Hamilton, was trained under Mr. J. W. F.

Harrison of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, who is also organist of St. Simon's church, Howard street, and Mr. Blakeley of Sherbourne street Methodist church. After a preliminary career at St. James' Square Presbyterian church, where for eight months he has officiated for Dr. Davies, who is at present in London, England, Dr. Marshall has been selected for the post of organist of one of the most important churches in the city, of which Mr. K. G. Kirby is the well known choirmaster. He commences his duties at Trinity to-morrow (Sunday).

John Muir, in his wonderful book on the mountains of California, has some fascinating pages on the different kinds of music made by the wind as it blows through various species of trees. Rocks, too, are in some cases musical. The peculiar sounds heard in the air at Yellowstone Lake have never been satisfactorily explained. Some similar phenomenon in Germany may have given rise to the legend about Frau Holle's wild chase which occurs as an episode in Koff's "Forest Symphony." One of the oddest things of this kind is the "singing valley" in Hunsruck, which greatly puzzles the German scientists, who have advanced all sorts of more or less fantastic explanations of it. The name of the valley is Thron-ecken; the sounds heard in it resemble distant chimes, gradually approaching, growing louder, and then passing away. One of the theories advanced is that waterfalls are in some way responsible for the sounds. The latest suggestion is that the rays of the sun affect the air in a peculiar way, making it musical; and the fact is recalled that Rontgen discovered that gases can be made to emit musical tones by subjecting them to changes of temperature.

Mendelssohn, in one of his letters, gives an account of the performance of a charade in which the late Joseph Joachim took part. It was at the house of Moscheles, and everybody in the household, as well as a number of guests, had been enlisted. The word chosen for the acting was Gewand-haus—Joachim at that time being a member of the famous orchestra of that institution. Joachim, known to his intimate friends as a most capable mimic, was garbed and made up to represent Paganini, and for the syllable "Ge" executed a brilliant improvisation upon the G string. For the finale, in which the complete word was performed, the combined forces of the Moscheles and Mendelssohn households were converted into an orchestra, Joachim leading on toy violin, and Moscheles conducting. On another occasion Joachim brought down the house at a private party by his imitations of Mr. Penley in "Charley's Aunt" and "The Private Secretary."

Mme. Pauline Donald, the well known Canadian opera singer, has come under the sole management of Percy and Ralph Griffith, the London impresarios. She will be presented under these auspices in the principal cities of Scotland, Ireland and England. Mme. Donald has also been engaged as principal lyric soprano for the season at the Opera Comique in Paris. Mme. Donald's new managers anticipate presenting her in a series of concerts throughout Canada during the fall season of 1908.

Perhaps the funniest thing in the musical world is the behavior of the Italians toward what they like best. That, unquestionably, is a loud, high note; it makes them frantic with delight, says Henry T. Finck in the Evening Post. Liking it so much, one would think they must want to hear as much of it as possible; but no, almost invariably, as soon as the note has been struck, they break out into frantic yells and completely drown it.

It was so recently in London at a charity concert. Caruso sang, and the Italians in the gallery were carried away, and shouted as he was holding a fortissimo high note, while the indignant English, as Alfred Kalisch remarks, shouted "Hush."

CHERUBINO.

"Well, anyhow," said Cassidy, "the new mill is fitted up fine. Shure, everything's in its right place!" "Not at all," replied Casey, "whin I

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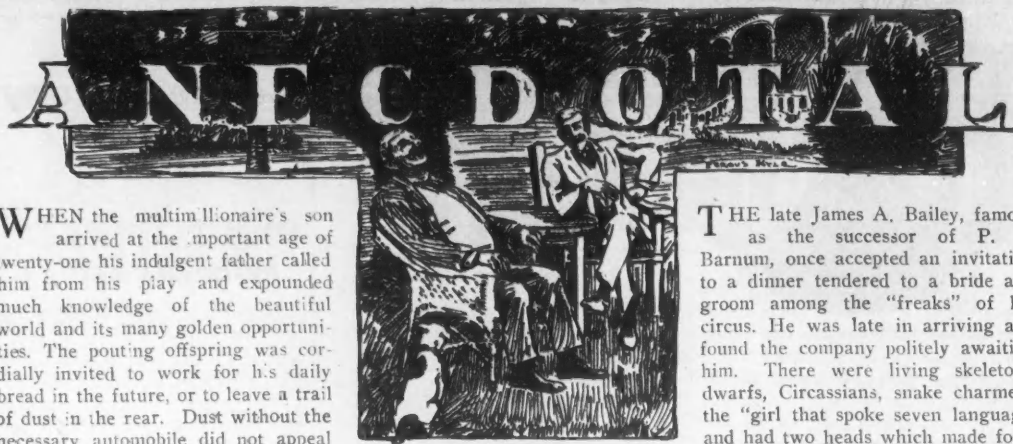
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WHEN the multimillionaire's son arrived at the important age of twenty-one his indulgent father called him from his play and expounded much knowledge of the beautiful world and its many golden opportunities. The pouting offspring was cordially invited to work for his daily bread in the future, or to leave a trail of dust in the rear. Dust without the necessary automobile did not appeal to the young man, so he accepted a position in his father's twenty-three storey office building.

At nine o'clock the following Monday morning he reported for duty, and was placed in charge of elevator No. 1.

He looked rather uncomfortable in his nobby blue uniform embellished with two rows of brightly polished brass buttons and much glistening braid. His jaunty cap was made of excellent material, and bore the mark of a fashionable hatter despite the fact that the words "Elevator boy" were faintly worked across its front.

After adjusting a new pair of kid gloves and brushing a few stray locks from his forehead, the new employee walked to the door of his car, and said, in a sweet tone, "Ascension."

WHEN President Roosevelt made his recent trip to Indianapolis and Lansing, one of the press associations sent along a reporter who had never been out with a presidential party before. The reporter was nervous and much afraid some of the other press representatives would "scoop" him on some of the incidents of the trip.

He happened to be away from the train when at one of the stops an old man who claimed the President had bunked with him out on the plains, came up to shake hands. When the reporter got back he heard the story, but he was a little suspicious of it, and he summoned up all his courage and went in to ask the President about it.

"Is it true that you bunked with that man who was brought up to the train, Mr. President?" he asked.

"Why, yes," the President replied. "I remember the circumstance very well. We had been rounding up horses, and one was missing. I volunteered to go out after it. I rode along a good many miles without catching sight of the horse, and night fell on me. I saw a light in the distance and came to a little shack on the plains. I thought that would be better than sleeping out and I rapped on the door. This man came to the door, let me in and invited me to sleep there. He had only one bunk, so we turned in together."

The reporter had been standing on one foot and then on the other. The President stopped, and he had to say something. So he stammered: "Was this on a railroad train, Mr. President?"

A LAUGHABLE story is told of the efforts on the part of a kindly disposed citizen to arbitrate between a man and his wife who were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening.

"Look here, my man," exclaimed the would-be arbitrator, at once intervening in the altercation, which was growing more and more violent, "this won't do, you know!"

"What business is it of yours?" demanded the male combatant angrily.

"It's my business only so far as I may be of service in settling this dispute," answered the other mildly, "and I should like very much to do that."

"This ain't no dispute," sulkily returned the man.

"No dispute!" came in astonished tones from the would-be peace-maker.

"Why, you—"

"I tell you that it ain't no dispute," insisted the man. "She thinks she ain't going to get my week's wages, and I know she ain't! That ain't no dispute!"

ON one occasion the late Duchess of Teck took tea with a family more remarkable for the length of their pedigree than of their purse. A day or two later her royal highness drove over to see some enormously wealthy parvenus who had newly settled in the country, and mentioned her visit.

"Ah," said the rich lady, "you must have found the house in a dreadful state ma'am—the carpets are positively threadbare."

The duchess flashed her enchanting smile upon the speaker and said, "Ah, well, old carpets don't wear as well as old families, do they?"

AN Englishman and an Irishman went to the captain of a ship bound for America and asked permission to work their passage over. The captain consented, but asked the Irishman for references and let the Englishman go on without them. This made the Irishman angry, and he planned to get even. One day when they were washing off the deck the Englishman leaned far over the rail, dropped the bucket, and was just about to haul it up when a huge wave came and pulled him overboard. The Irishman stopped scrubbing, went over to the rail, and seeing the Englishman had disappeared went to the captain and said:

"Perhaps yez remember when I shipped aboard this vessel ye asked me for references and let the Englishman come on without them?"

The captain said: "Yes, I remember."

"Well ye've been deceived," said the Irishman; "he's gone off wid yer pa'll!"

"MY rubber," said Nat Goodwin, describing a Turkish bath that he once had in Mexico "was a very strong man. He laid me on a slab and kneaded me and punched me and banged me in a most emphatic way. When it was over and I had gotten up, he came up behind me before my sheet was adjusted, and gave me three resounding slaps on the back with the palm of his enormous hand."

"What the blazes are you doing?" I gasped, staggering.

"No offence, sir," said the man; "it was only to let the office know that I was ready for the next bath. You see, sir, the bell's out of order in this room."

IN Cornish chapels the invariable rule is for the men to sit on one side of the building and the women on the other. A visitor and his fiancée, who were staying in the district, went to chapel, and just before the service began the young man was greatly astonished when the chapel steward, seeing that the couple were seated in the same pew, came over to him and in an audible voice said:

"Come on out of that, me son. We don't ave no sweetheartin' here."

IT is said that the people along the Newfoundland coast are expert wreckers—not in that they wreck vessels to rob them, but in that they know how to avail themselves legitimately of the opportunities afforded.

In this connection Sir Wilfrid Laurier used to tell of a meeting between a priest in charge of a parish near Cape Race and the bishop of his diocese.

"How will your people do this winter?" asked the bishop.

"Very well, I think, your reverence," replied the priest cheerfully, "with the help of God—and a few wrecks."

A COUPLE of travellers found themselves detained at the village inn and enquired whether there was any amusement to be had at the establishment.

"Oh, yes," replied a waiter, with palpable pride; "we have a billiard-room."

At their request the travellers were conducted thither, and found a badly-lit room, with one small table, which had evidently seen better days.

Their attendant produced a set of balls which matched the table for wear, and were of a uniform dirty grey color.

"But how do you tell the red from the white?" asked one visitor.

"Oh," was the reassuring reply, "you soon get to know them by their shape."—Tit Bits.

TO illustrate a point he was making in an address he was delivering the other day, Bishop Potter told the following story: "Not long ago I was staying with a friend in a country house up the Hudson. On Sunday morning as I passed through the library I found a small boy curled up in a big chair deeply interested in a book. 'Are you going to church, Tom?' I asked. 'No,' he replied. 'Why, I am,' I said. 'Huh!' he said, 'that's your job.'"

THE late James A. Bailey, famous as the successor of P. T. Barnum, once accepted an invitation to a dinner tendered to a bride and groom among the "freaks" of his circus. He was late in arriving and found the company politely awaiting him. There were living skeletons, dwarfs, Circassians, snake charmers, the "girl that spoke seven languages" and had two heads which made fourteen languages in all, the "dog-faced boy" and others. Beaming upon them with paternal air, the happy manager acknowledged the genial "Hello, pop," that went around the festal board.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting," he said, taking his place at the table. "I believe there are several new additions to the company. Is this the groom?"

"No," replied a deep voice from the full beard addressed, "I am the bride."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bailey, "I did not recognize the bearded lady. But, tell me, which is the groom?"

"I am," proclaimed a very thin voice.

In astonishment Mr. Bailey glanced up at the figure towering near his elbow.

"I congratulate you, my man," said the manager. "Sit down, let us on with the feast—sit down."

The guest addressed at once began to ascend seemingly until his head was in the neighborhood of the canvas roof from which height he looked down and said:

"I was sittin' down, pop—I was sittin' down!"

A POLICEMAN saw a man acting rather suspiciously near a jewelry store one evening, so, going over to him, he demanded to know who the man was and what he wanted.

"I'm thinking of opening a jewelry store in this neighborhood," replied the man, "and I'm watching to see if there is much trade." Whereupon the policeman went on his way satisfied.

Next morning word was received at the station-house that the store had been entered and robbed during the night. The policeman who had accosted the mysterious stranger said reflectively, "He may be a thafe, but he's no liar!"

COLONEL ALBERT POPE, bicycle and automobile manufacturer, was in San Francisco on the day of the earthquake, at the old Palace hotel.

He was tumbled out of bed by the shock, and rushed downstairs to see what was the matter and was told there was no danger of the fire reaching the Palace. Later in the day, he was advised to move along, and he packed two suit cases with some of his belongings and hired an express wagon to take him to the St. Francis.

It was certain there was no danger there. Still, next day the fire was imminent, and Colonel Pope reduced his baggage to one suit case and decided to go to the Presidio, for he knew General Funston, and was certain he would find refuge there.

The colonel is tall, whiskered and most dignified. He stood on the curb for hours trying to hire a wagon to carry him and his suit case to the Presidio, but nobody paid any attention to him. Then he decided to walk, for the fire was getting close. He carried the suit case for half a mile or so, stopping now and then, to throw away some of the stuff in it, and, at the end of the second mile, had thrown everything away except a nightshirt and a tooth brush.

He sat down on a doorstep to rest. As he was sitting there an automobile loaded with soldiers, broke down out in the street. The soldiers tried to fix it, and couldn't.

"Pardon me," said the colonel, who had noticed that the automobile was one of the kind he makes himself; "if you will allow me, I think I can help you in your difficulty."

He looked over the machine, found where the difficulty was and fixed it. Then he started to return to his seat on the doorstep.

"Get in here," commanded one of the soldiers.

"No, thank you; I think I shall rest for a time."

"Get in here. We need you."

"But I am Colonel Albert Pope—" "Get in here. You are too valuable a man to lose." And they tumbled the dignified colonel into an automobile, took him to a garage, and made him work two days fixing automobiles before he got word to his friend, General Funston, who then came and rescued him.

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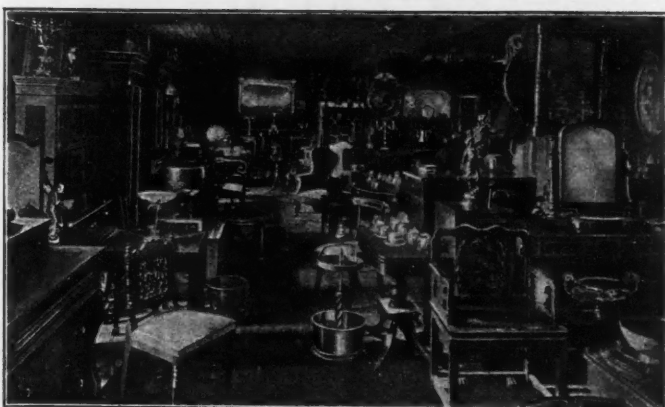
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A Pen-Picture. Taken From "The Meal-Poke," by Annie S. Swan, of the Re-union of a Scottish Family in Western Canada.

It was September month once more, and three times had the year waned since Hamish Macneill stood solitary upon the little hillock facing the loch in the wilderness—the loch he had christened by the name familiar to him since his childhood, though the Government survey called it something else.

Along the endless level track of the Canadian Pacific Railway the great engine of the Limited Imperial Express dragged its heavy cars, leaving a long line of smoke behind, to be caught up into the crystal heights of the air, and there dispersed. Close by the window of one of the cars sat two women, one old and one young, looking out wistfully upon the strange landscape, which had its own weird beauty, the beauty of the solitary place, the virgin soil fresh from the hand of God waiting the kindly touch of the husbandman to make it blossom like the rose. All day long they had journeyed across these endless, mysterious plains, passing many a snug homestead and many a tiny, growing township, and the wonder of it held them in thrall. But now they were near their journey's end, and hope had given place to a kind of gnawing anxiety, which was almost pain. Three long years had passed since they had bidden good-bye to Hamish at the Waverley Station in Edinburgh, and though his letters had ever been kind and full of hope, and though he had sent good money for their passage, and made everything clear and easy for them, the new land seemed strange and even terrible, to these two women who had never before crossed the Tweed.

Presently the train began to slow down, and the porter, swinging through the long corridor, called out the name of the station which they were approaching—Falcon's Hope.

"Here we are, mother," said the girl, springing up, and her fresh young lip quivered as she essayed to arrange the cloak about her mother's shoulders. "I am afraid to look out for fear Hamish should not be there." "He will be there, bairn," said the

elder woman, and upon her face, which bore the seal of many sorrows, there was the steadfast look of one whose trust is stayed upon a sure foundation. Then the train lumbered up to the little wooden platform, which it shook to its very foundations, and they alone, of all that great train load, got out. Many friendly eyes followed them, and more than one wished them God-speed. It is a long journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and there is time given for the nurturing of friendships which can sometimes last a lifetime. These two sweet women had endeared themselves to such as had spoken with them, but they had preserved their close reticence regarding themselves and the purport of their journey; therefore none knew why they alighted at that little barren station set solitary among the wheatfields, within sight of the gleaming waters of the loch, the lake they had seen during that long day's journeying. Those looking out saw them met by a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a handsome bronzed face and an eager eye, and the pathos of that meeting made the careless turn decently away, and even surreptitiously wipe an eye wet with unwonted emotion. The little trio forgot the loch, forgot the grass between, and remembered only the joy and the pain of the moment present with them. The first travellers speeding westwards saw the old lady being tenderly lifted into a roomy buggy drawn by a pair of fine alert-looking horses, then the whip was cracked and off it drove across the soft track through the wheatfields to the gleaming waters of the lake.

"So here you are. I can't believe it," said Hamish Macneill, as he took the reins in his unsteady hand. "Mother, you look older, but you, Marget, are bonnier than ever. What a day this is for me and Tom! He's as near beside himself as I am. Mother, you'll need to make room in your heart for him too, for his own mother died in the spring, and he has never been the same since."

Hamish Macneill's mother never spoke. It was all more than she could bear. To look upon her son's dear face was enough and more. Hamish seeing that, turned to Marget and pointed out all the beauties of the land, and presently showed her the gleam of the white painted house among the trees. They came to it in silence, and when the weary woman

who had been homeless so long, living in sufferance under another's roof-tree, saw the home her son had prepared for her, she clasped her hands upon her knee, and her lips moved.

"Oh, Hamish, what a bonnie place; what a dear little home! Mother, look at the red creepers on the verandah and the curtains at the window. Curtains! Mother, where did men get them?" "They're Tom's. He made them," said Hamish with a laugh. "It took him a week to get the hang of them, and then he said you'd make fun of them."

"They're lovely; and what a nice man he must be. Is that him coming?" "Yes, and he's got on his best clothes. Not much to look at, but some of us haven't had any clothes since we came except dollar suits of canvas for the summer."

"Oh Hamish," said Marget reprovingly, and all the time her eyes were on Tom Jeffreys' face.

Then the buggy stopped, and they got down. Mrs. Macneill turned to the man, whom she loved already because of the love he had shown to her son; and after one look she kissed him as if he had been her own.

"God bless you, my lad. I would thank you if I could."

It was a hard moment for Tom Jeffreys, but he got through it manfully. Then while the two busied themselves about the horses with unwonted emotion, the women stood still and looked around them with delighted eyes. The place was looking very fair, and the sunset glow had a kindly light.

"Bairns," said Hamish Macneill's mother—and there was that in her voice that arrested them all, a note of peace and gladness which would not be stilled—"it has been a long, sair journey, and it's far beyond all my expectation. Praise God that He has given us another home as dear and bonnie as the one we left."

Not long ago a Boston municipal official, who is a stickler for the use of good English, had occasion to consult a physician new to the community.

After the examination the doctor said: "All you need, sir, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Would you mind telling me," asked the purist, sarcastically, "what is the shape of fresh air?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

The Tourist.

Who fills summer time with glee?

The tourist.

Who peoples trails on land and sea?

The tourist.

Who starts, with toothbrush and a comb,

To Italy, or maybe Nome?

Who never leaves his kodak home?

The same chap.

Who wears field-glasses on his hip?

The tourist.

Who likes a white suit for a trip?

The tourist.

Who from the sandwich can't be weened?

Who is a hopeless post-card fiend?

Who's always pretty nearly "clean-

ed"

The identical individual.

Who "does" a big town in a day?

The tourist.

Who looks on travel as mere play?

The tourist.

Who wanders far afield alone?

Who likes to hear descriptions drone

Through "seeing" speller's magazine?

The same optimistic explorer.

—*Denver Republican*.

Nearly everybody out in Chicago, by this time, knows that A. S. Trude the criminal lawyer, is one of the greatest of trout fishers, greater even than his friend and former piscatorial preceptor, Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison. Few, however, are aware of the dispensation of Providence through which it was vouchsafed Mr. Trude to win this reputation, says the *Saturday Evening Post*, which tells the story:

Harrison and Trude have been cronies for a quarter of a century. They frequent the same club most of the time, expound the same political doctrine part of the time, and hunt and fish together the rest of the time. Every summer they make an extended expedition through the wilds of the Northwest. Up to the summer of 1904 it appears to have been the arrangement that Trude should row the boat while Harrison fished. On their return in the fall Harrison would give out extended interviews to the reporters on his remarkable catch of fish. Trude would give out interviews on the remarkable catch he would have made if he hadn't been compelled to row the boat so much of the time.

In the winter of 1904 came the Iroquois Theatre fire, with the subse-

quent action of the coroner's jury, holding Mayor Harrison and other city officials to the grand jury for responsibility for the disaster. Trude, the authority on criminal law, raced to the rescue of his friend and, within twenty-four hours after the return of the verdict, had convinced a court that the mayor was blameless.

The afternoon of his discharge by the court Mayor Harrison was found by the reporters in his private office, receiving the congratulations of politicians and personal friends. He was in a grateful frame of mind, and he telephoned to Trude to come over and help receive the congratulations.

"What's Mr. Trude's fee to be, Mr. Mayor?" inquired a reporter.

The mayor was silent, while his eyes travelled slowly up to the ceiling and back again.

"I guess I'll have to row the boat next summer," he replied.

So Harrison rowed and Trude angled his way to a championship trout-catching reputation. It is authoritatively reported that Harrison still rows the boat.

The talk around the club table shifted to fish and fishing, with the usual astonishing consequence. "Well, gentlemen," said the man who was fortunate enough to tell the last story, "the best day's sport I ever had was off the coast of southern California. There were three of us in the boat, each of us had three lines out, and we simply couldn't pull them in fast enough."

"What kind of fish were biting?" asked an indulgent listener.

"I don't know what the natives call them," said the fisherman, "but they were big enough to be ichthyosaurs."

"Maybe they were whales, Frank," suggested an ironical member.

"Whales!" exclaimed Frank, with a look of disdain, "whales indeed! Why, man, we were baiting with whales!"—*Life*.

A visitor recently told us a story of a canny Scot who believed in getting all that was coming to him. He had invested ten cents in a lottery ticket—and drew a fine horse and carriage. Going to claim his property, he surveyed it critically and slowly, and noticing a lack in the equipment, exclaimed, with a sternness in his tone that made the clerk tremble: "Whaur's the whip?"

A SMALL, quiet looking man, smoking a large cigar, sat by the side of a medium sized automobile that was drawn out of the road as a large touring car came along, driven by a man with an interrogatory aspect.

The man in the touring car slowed up and leaned over.

"How long have you been here?"

"About two hours."

"Can't you find out what the matter is?"

"No."

"Inlet valve all right?"

"Yes."

"Trouble with spark-plug?"

"Think not."

"How are your batteries?"

"O. K."

"Haven't got a short-circuit, have you?"

"Oh, no."

"How's your commutator?"

"Great."

"Perhaps your worm-gear is clogged?"

"No—all clear."

"Got any gasoline in your tank?"

"Plenty."

"How about your circulation; cylinder isn't bound, is it?"

"No, sir."

"Tires seem all right?"

"Never better."

"Well, maybe your vibrator isn't adjusted."

"That's all right."

"Have you looked at your carbureter?"

"Yes."

"How about the cam-shaft?"

"Grand."

"Have you tightened your connecting-rods, examined your clutches, and gone over the differentials?"

"Yes—yes."

The man in the touring-car paused a moment, and then looking at the stranger by the roadside said at last:

"Would you mind telling me, sir, just what's the matter with that machine of yours?"

In answer, the man pointed to a large red farmhouse in the distance.

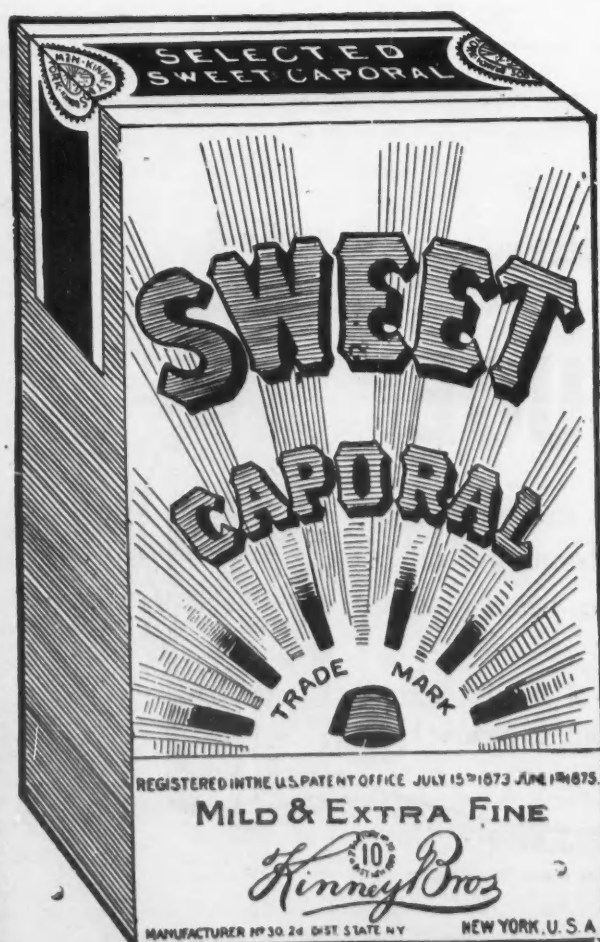
"See that house out there?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, there isn't anything the matter with this machine, but since noon my wife has been in that house kissing her sister's first baby good-bye.

When she gets through, if you are not over a thousand miles away, and will leave your address, I will telegraph or cable you the glad news at my own expense."—*Collier's Weekly*.

"Let those smoke now—who never smoked before,
And those who always smoked—now smoke the more."



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James T. Powers and a big company will be seen at the Royal Alexandra, in "The Blue Moon," during the week commencing Sept. 16. "The Blue Moon" is a typical English musical comedy that ran for two years on the other side, and a full season at the New York Casino, and everywhere it has been produced in this country has proven to be very successful.

On the Long Alaska Trail.

OUR trail still leads to the north along the great Government road from Whitehorse to Dawson, writes a gold-seeker in Hunter-Trapper. It is about 350 miles, well timbered all the way with spruce, poplar and cotton wood, some jack pines just starting in thick masses of many acres.

Forest fires ten years ago drove most of the game and fur to other parts, yet we see fresh signs of bear and fox in the dusty road every day for miles and miles. Some duck, mostly mallard, canvas back and black duck, geese and swan show up nearly every day's travel.

This is the middle of May—the grass is four inches high, blue and white flowers along the roadside, some strawberry blossoms, and yet a pane of glass frozen in our camp kettles each morning. Fruit is killed 1,000 miles south.

This Government road is a solitude in summer, not a person for a hundred miles, but in winter when the ice stops travel on the mighty Yukon river, then this road is wide awake, thriving, bustling, hustling, get there runway for the traders and miners. Great four and six-horse stages slam through this road night and day from both ends.

Change horses every twenty-two miles at hotels called roadhouses. The charges at these roadhouses are \$1.50 for each meal, \$1 for bed, \$1 for handout lunch, beer, etc., 25 cents per drink, hay and oats 5 to 10 cents per pound. The hay comes from Spokane and the oats from Manitoba, both points about 1,500 miles away. Both articles are first-class.

We were overtaken on this road by four droves of beef cattle of 125 head in each drove. They were shipped from Calgary, Canada and Seattle, Wash., 500 miles by rail, 1,000 miles by sea, then 120 miles by rail, 140 miles on foot, then by boat 250 miles to Dawson, 1,200 miles to Fairbanks. Feed, both oats and hay, averages \$160 per ton.

The first cost of cattle is about \$70 per head. They are still fed until three years old and weigh from 1,600 to 2,200 each, the best in the land. The freight on each is more than \$100, the feed and care another \$100. They sell in Fairbanks for \$350 to \$400 each. The man who works the pick and shovel pays for all. Chuck steak, 65 cents; T bone steak, 90 cents; best cuts, \$1 per pound.

One herd lost five head through the ice; the next day the next herd lost nine head at the same place. They went under the ice in twelve feet of water. The miner must pay for this loss also. The hay each herd of 125 eats costs about \$200 each night on the road. One herd was short a man to drive, so the younger of us two gold hunters went for five days at \$10 per day and expenses to help out.

"They thought more of the Legion of Honor in the time of the first Napoleon than they do now," said a well-known Frenchman. "The Emperor one day met an old one-armed veteran.

"How did you lose your arm?" he asked.

"Sire, at Austerlitz."

"And were you not decorated?"

"No, sire."

"Then here is my own cross for you; I make you chevalier."

"Your Majesty names me chevalier because I have lost one arm! What would your Majesty have done had I lost both arms?"

"Oh, in that case I should have made you officer of the Legion."

"Whereupon the old soldier immediately drew his sword and cut off his other arm."

"There is no particular reason to doubt this story. The only question is, how did he do it?—Everybody's

Don't sleep on your left side, for it causes too great a pressure on the heart.

Don't sleep on your right side, for it interferes with the respiration of that lung.

Don't sleep on your stomach, for that interferes with the respiration of both lungs and makes breathing difficult.

Don't sleep on your back, for this method of getting rest is bad for the nervous system.

Don't sleep sitting in a chair, for your body falls into an unnatural position and you can not get the necessary relaxation.

Don't sleep standing up, for you may topple over and crack your skull.

Don't sleep.—Puck.

"Murray," as the parson's small boy intimately dubbed his mother, "before you was born, was you an angel up in heaven?"

"Yes, dear."

"And before I was born, was I an angel up in heaven?"

"Why, yes, Paul."



Mrs. Wall Street—I'm so glad to see you going in for wheat, Mr. Hayrick. My husband has made a great deal of money out of that in the city.—Life.

"Then, before you was born and before I was born—was I 'quainted with you?'—Lippincott's.

The floral display at the Toronto Exposition this year was noteworthy, not only because of its remarkable beauty and variety, but also because of the unique distinction accorded to one firm; Dunlop, the well known Toronto florist, having captured every one of the prizes for made-up flowers. There were in all, for this class of display, six entries; including all styles of floral arrangement. As this is the first time in the history of the Exposition that all six have been won by one exhibitor, the incident is certainly worthy of special mention.

A census-taker made his rounds in an isolated village. He gave one of his official papers to a woman that she might fill in the required answers. One of the questions, instead of reading "Married or single," had it "Condition as to marriage." The woman filled in the answer thus: "Awful hard up before. Wuss after."—Argonaut.

"What has become of the maid you thought such a prize?" "Oh, I had to let her go," replied the second fashionable woman. "After her operation for appendicitis she thought she was one of us."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

PEARSON—At Stayner, Ont., on Aug. 13, 1907, the wife of H. C. Pearson, M.D., of a son.

LIBBY—At Stratford, Aug. 28, to Dr. and Mrs. Walter Libby, of Evanston, Ill., a son.

DE WITT—At San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. F. M. De Witt, a daughter.

MACKENZIE—At Galt, on Sept. 2, to Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Mackenzie, a son.

ROBERTSON—At Hamilton, Sept. 3, to Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Robertson, a daughter.

HUMPHRIES—At Parkhill, Ont., on Sept. 2, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Humphries (nee Barnett) a daughter, Jessie Gertrude Caroline.

MARRIAGES.

GAMBLE-CHRISTIE—At Guelph,

Aug. 28, Wm. Paul Gamble, B. S. A., to Jean Telford Christie.

TRUSSELL-LARKE—At Colborne, Aug. 28, Mr. Clarence D. Trussell, of New York, to Cora Louise Larke.

CARNEGIE-GREEN—In Toronto, Aug. 27, W. H. Carnegie, M.P.P. for East Victoria, to Edith Roberta Green.

CRAWLEY-PALMER—In Toronto, Sept. 3, Edith May Palmer, to Walter Bernard Crawley.

MACK-PHILLIPS—In Toronto, Aug. 31, J. H. K. Mack, of Truro, N. S., to Kate Phillips.

SWAN-GRAINER—In Toronto, Aug. 31, Archibald Swan, of London, Eng., to Evelyn May Grainer.

LANG-REESOR—At Ottawa, Sept. 3, Emily Bain Reesor, to Arthur Gordon Lang, of New York.

BAYNES-REED—At Norway, Sept. 4, Rev. Wm. Leonard Baynes-Reed, to Violet Winifred Gretchen Gilbert.

DEATHS.

MURPHY—At Toronto, Aug. 29, Nicholas Murphy, K.C., aged 66.

LIBBY—Stratford, Aug. 29, Eva Trow Libby, wife of Prof. Walter Libby, of Evanston, Ill.

DES BARRES—In Toronto, Sept. 2, Rev. Thomas Cutler Des Barres, in his 76th year.

STEVENSON—On Thursday, Aug. 29, at "The Ravine," Sutton west, Major J. R. Stevenson, in his 73rd year.

HOFFMAN—At Berlin, Aug. 29, John S. Hoffman, aged 71 years.

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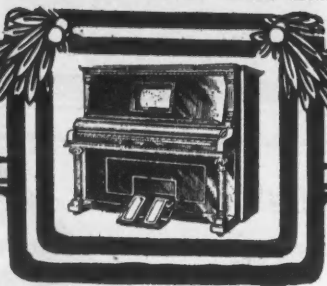
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English as She is Spoke---in London

A Letter From Sir Reginald Browne
Browne Bunbury to Major Ponsonby Marr-Cavendish.

London Ladies' Day, 1907,
The Coffee-Room, Skindle's.

DEAR Old Popsy:

I reached here Boxing Day and I shall stop on—if the wife improves—until Michaelmas, I am going strong, haven't funk'd the fences and only wish that you could drop in for a chin-chin at tiffin time. Not an earthly, I fear?

I am jolly well in the heart of London, rather decently bunk'd and fairish shops; all about me—poulterers, drapers, sauce warehousemen, cow-keepers, meat pastrymen and turbot vendors. London is a bit misty, but I'm for it, my word. I am. I enjoy messing about on the dilly and it's all beastly jolly and most awfully ripping, tho' the bally fog is a bit of a facer for me.

I do myself most awfully well and all for ten quid a week (including the tweeze, the keep of the gee-gee, and the screw for the typist and the groom of the chambers).

There are capital pubs all about me—here: The Civet Cat, The Running Footman, The Maid's Hand, The Slip Inn, the Ship and Turtle and the Cheshire Cheese. A chap is always sure of a good mug of nutter before tumbling to by-by.

Tuesday week I hailed a four-wheel fly, got me a pipe—went to the book-office of His Majesty's—was chivvied about a bit on the queen and bought me eight goodish stalls on the gangway, well in the front of the pit. I took a few pals to the play—after a stiff dinner. No one but Lady Ermentrude, the Hon. Hermione Wemyss (a quite too delightful flapper) and little Muriel Finn-Douglas (the Warwickshire lot), Jack Strathcona (our old pal of the Queen's Own), poor dear Pritch of the Guards, and a boulder sort of rotter named Lemeson-Thaliet, of Boodles (not of the Turf—that would be his brother!) The poor chap tried hard not to bound, but try as he would he would bound a bit. After the play we had cigarettes and lemon-squash in the rabbit-hutch at the Savoy, took a room, and had a hack at bridge. (I haven't chucked it yet, you see!) Old Thaliet was for having it guineas, but I thought of Vi and the mater, and we finally settled on a bob a point and a pony on the rubber. Knowing how rotten they were (and with Pritch more than half drunk) I thought it was a sitter! Right I was, too!

As good luck would have it, in the very last game I went a diamond and bagged six be-cards along with twelve golden "sufferings" of the brightest and best. A little bit of all right, eh? Thaliet was fearfully cut up! What an appalling rum 'un he is. He tried to pretend that he had all along been rotting about the stakes and meant to pay in pennies. To make matters worse he gave me a stunner cheque. Sickening bad taste I call it eh?

My chambers aren't half nasty, I have a private jar of marmalade a tin tub, ripping bloaters, kippers, and all that sort of nuck. Now and again I get some marvellous Dublin prawns and plovers' eggs for tiffin. If I am beastly peckish there is a navy sort of waster who fetches me din-din from Prince's.

It's a cert that I'm off for the week-end to Lady Bagott-Begg's in Mid-Glamorganshire if the bone gets out of the ground. I've bet her ten mon-keys that I bag forty brace of pheas-

ants before grouse day dawns. If I lose I shall swear to the old girl that I was only pulling her leg in chaff—d'ye see! The beagles are to turn out twice for us if we can draw a hare in those damned gorse coverts. The harriers had best beware—what?

Whitsuntide, if I get over this touch of the flue, I go to Hants for the coursing. My address will be: Sudbury Mansions, Notting Cottage.

At the top of Wigmore street High Minstable (off Tooting). Wormwood Scrubbs, Chiswick Common, Cricklewood, Hants.

Care the Hon. the Col. Sir Wiloughby de Wriothlesley, K.T., K.G.A., D.S.O.

Come and join me there, if you will. And—oh, I say, telephone through if you can. The exchange will put you through! Or, failing this, book down from Waterloo. Are you there? Will meet you at the rabbit-warren. I shall be practically on my own. There's not the remotest that the old colonel will care! He's a bit of a pincher—a little shirty—a rasper and all that, but a capital chap and on the job for ten beano. They say he's balmy, up the pole, and thick and milky, but he's a fizzing old soldier, goes hard after the bounds, and is a top-hole shot. Besides, he has the 'oof, and plenty of it, d'ye see? It's piffle to say he beats the wife. If you ever clapped eyes on the old cruiser you would jolly soon see that it would take a lot of ding! What rubbish they talk at the priory! Come, dear old boy, say "righto" or I'll be in a deuced pickle.

Well—cheero, cheero—my lad, Reggie.

P.S.—If you can spare a fiver, send it along. I am stony!

P.P.S.—Send the 'oof by one of the servants (but not Tapley, in heaven's name, for I owe him for three months and a quid besides, and it makes me giddy to see the hound). To Major Ponsonby Marr-Cavendish, The Barracks, Ore-Stoke Cloddington, Invernesshire, New York Life.

Deep Sea Tragedy.

Why is it that the ocean moans?
That's what I'd like to know;
It may be that the lobster
Has pinched its under-tow.

—Chicago Journal.

And maybe it is just the pain
That thrills its bosom wide,
What time it shudders at the bar
And thinks of last night's tide.

—Cleveland Leader.

Perhaps you'd moan a bit yourself
If now and then a whale,
Escaping from a swordfish,
Should lash you with his tail.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

The fickle ocean wooed the moon,
The sound to a parson hied.
The sound you hear is only this:
The moaning of the tied.

—Lippincott's.

Wilfred—Mamma, we were up in Farmer Crosby's yard, watching the eggs in his incubator.
H's Mamma—Did anything come out?

"Yep; Farmer Crosby—and he chased us."—The Circle.

The Servant—Professor! There's a thief in the dining room!

The Astronomer (deep in calculation)—Tell him I'm too busy to see him!—Translated from Il Motto per Ridere.



The "Professor"—Now, a nice easy swing Miss—and keep your eye on the ball.—Punch.

W.A. Murray & Co. Limited.

A Fine Lot of Table Cloths and Napkins

At a big reduction from our usual prices.

Here is a sale that nobody can afford to miss. No matter how large or fine a supply of table linen that may be kept—an extra Cloth or two always comes in useful. They are all a fine rich double satin Damask in many beautiful designs to choose from. They are specially imported by us and we guarantee them to give every possible satisfaction in laundering and in the wear. The Table Cloths are 2 by 2½ yards and the Napkins 22 inches square. If you live out of town, write to our Mail Order Department, who will give your order every attention and pick out even a better selection than perhaps you might be able to do in person. Our special prices for Monday's selling:

Table Cloths, each \$1.98.

Table Napkins, a dozen \$1.98.

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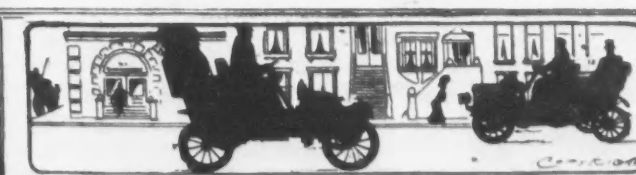
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"My Valet" Fountain The Tailor Cleaner and Repairer of Clothes
30-32-34 Adelaide West.—Phone Main 5900, 5901.

"It's this way," explained the client. "The fence runs between Brown's place and mine. He claims that I encroach on his land, and I insist that he is trespassing on mine. Now, what would you do, if you were in my place?"

"If I were in your place," replied the lawyer, "I'd go over and give Brown a cigar, take a drink with him and settle the controversy in ten minutes. But, as things stand, I advise you to sue him by all means. Let no arrogant, domineering, insolent pirate like Brown trample on your sacred rights. Assert your manhood and courage. I need the money."—London Tit-Bits.

"Ruth," said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?"

"Why, we are playing, mamma," replied Ruth. "We're playing we are grown-up women making a call."—Chicago Daily News.

"But," protested the space writer, "perhaps you could use this article if

I were to boil it down?" "Nothing doing," rejoined the man behind the blue pencil. "If you were to take a gallon of water and boil it down to a pint, it would still be water."—Chicago Daily News.

Little Bobby's Aunt Helen went to spend the night at Bobby's house. She slept in the room next to the nursery.

In the morning she heard Bobby making a great fuss about being dressed. She called through the register which is between the two rooms:

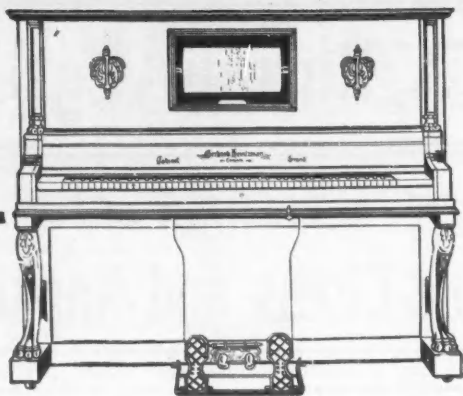
"Bobby! Bobby! What's going on in there?"

The answer came back promptly, in a pitiful wail: "My 'tockin's."

"What! The Spaniard made violent love to you? Why, he does not know a word of English!"

"Oh, but he knelt before me, dictionary in hand."—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

Up to the hour of going to press Raisuli had refused to allow Kaid Maclean to lead the troops which are being sent against him.—Punch.



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is an inexhaustible fountain of melody, enabling any person to play the favorite selections from the world of music with all the expression and verve of a virtuoso. The self-playing mechanism is placed within the

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the artistic piano of Canada, and whether in or out of use does not detract from the appearance, action or tonal excellence of the piano.

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The process of housecleaning when you get back from your vacation, reveals the necessity of new floor coverings. There is nothing so lasting, so beautiful, so economical, or so convenient, as

ORIENTAL RUGS

New fall importations are now arriving, the finest we ever had. They are of all kinds and sizes, and prices are from \$5 up. We have also just received a large quantity of

Russian Hammered Brassware

Jardinières, handles and feet
Candelabra, five and seven branches
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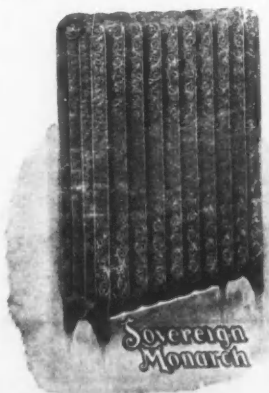
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The Discharge of Colonel Bogey.

Note—A large number of golf clubs are dismissing Colonel Bogey, and substituting par golf in his place.—Exchange.

Colonel Bogey is dismissed,
I am glad to hear.
He's been on my Nuisance List,
O for many a year,
Meanest cuss upon the Links
Here or 'cross the sea—
Never smokes, and never drinks
Even cambric tea.

Plays a very perfect game—
That is, so they say.
I have only seen his name,
Not his style of play.
Never fozzles, never scaffs,
Never plays a slice,
Never jokes, and never chaffs—
Always cold as ice.

Never shows himself at all,
Though he's everywhere.
Never even lands a ball
In the bunker there.
Plays the same each time he plays,
Varies not a stroke,
And he never, never pays
For another's smoke.

No one's ever been there when
He has made his score.
Other folks sometimes play ten
Where he's always four.
Rather strange it seems to me,
Hinting some of tricks,
Seldom more than four or three,
Never more than six!

Travis, Vardon, Taylor can't
Do as well as that,
Yet the mystic visitant
Never tumbles flat.
Never seems to lose his eye,
Land in grass or mud
In a beastly rotten lie
With a sick'ning thud.

Glad am I he's got the shake,
Got it good and hard.
Never did a greater fake
Falsify a card!
Glad he's gone and hope he'll stay,
Now he's got the shove,
And in parting, by the way,
What's he Colonel of?
—John Kendrick Bangs.

"You mothers," said the college girl disdainfully, "have the silliest superstitions about your babies. For my graduating thesis I am compiling the baby superstitions of the world's mothers. They're the most ludicrous things. Listen:

"In Russia they think a baby and a kitten can't thrive in the same house. They kill the kitten as soon as the baby comes.

"In Spain they won't let a baby under three see its reflection in a mirror. Otherwise they think it will grow up vain, proud and cruel.

"In Roumania babies all wear blue ribbons around the left ankle to ward off evil spirits.

"In Hungary they think that if you dress a girl baby in red she will turn out bad.

"In India it is good luck for a baby to fall out of bed.

"Irish babies keep strands of women's hair in their cradles to protect them from sickness."—Columbus Dispatch.

"Look er heah, man," said Mr. Green, who had lent Deacon Foxie ten dollars—"jes tuh a day or so till I draws," the request had been. "You done owe me dat money now goin' on 'leven months. Ef yo' doan' pay me right erway I gwine mek de sheriff level on yo' wages."

"Mr. Green," said the deacon impressively, "I's s'prised at yo' ign'rance. I sho' is! Doan' yo' know de interest done et up dat ten dollars long ergo?"

Mr. Green is still figuring.—Lippincott's.

An elderly Washingtonian was recently discussing with a lady of his acquaintance the bringing up of the children of the present day, when he declared, with mingled sadness and indignation, that the present generation was "too much" for him.

"I'll give you an instance, madam," said he, "of an occurrence within my own personal observation that leads me to the conclusion that for pure, unadulterated impudence and assurance the American child is without an equal. While enjoying a leisurely stroll in a suburb the other afternoon I was approached by a boy of, I should say, twelve years. I had never seen him before, but this did not deter him from addressing me something in this wise:

"Hello, grandpa! Have you seen my dog?"

"You impudent little brat!" exclaimed I. "How dare you address me in that way?"

"Don't let that produce insomnia, grandpa," resumed the audacious little rascal. "I'm not trying to make a hit with you. Either you have seen my dog or you have not. If you haven't, we'll part in a friendly

way, with no clothes torn; if you have, then please produce the pup. It's a Boston bull, thoroughbred, a prize winner, and answers to the name of Bootles. Anything doing in the canine line?"

"I have not seen your dog," I responded coldly.

"Then au revoir, grandpa," shouted the little fiend, as he darted away.

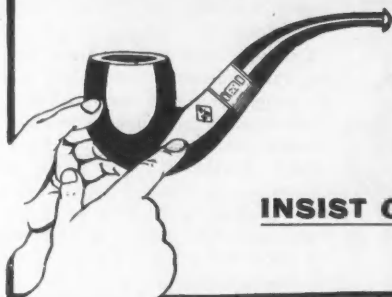
"What do you think of that, madam? Is that a fair example of what we term the 'breeding' of our children?"—Lippincott's.

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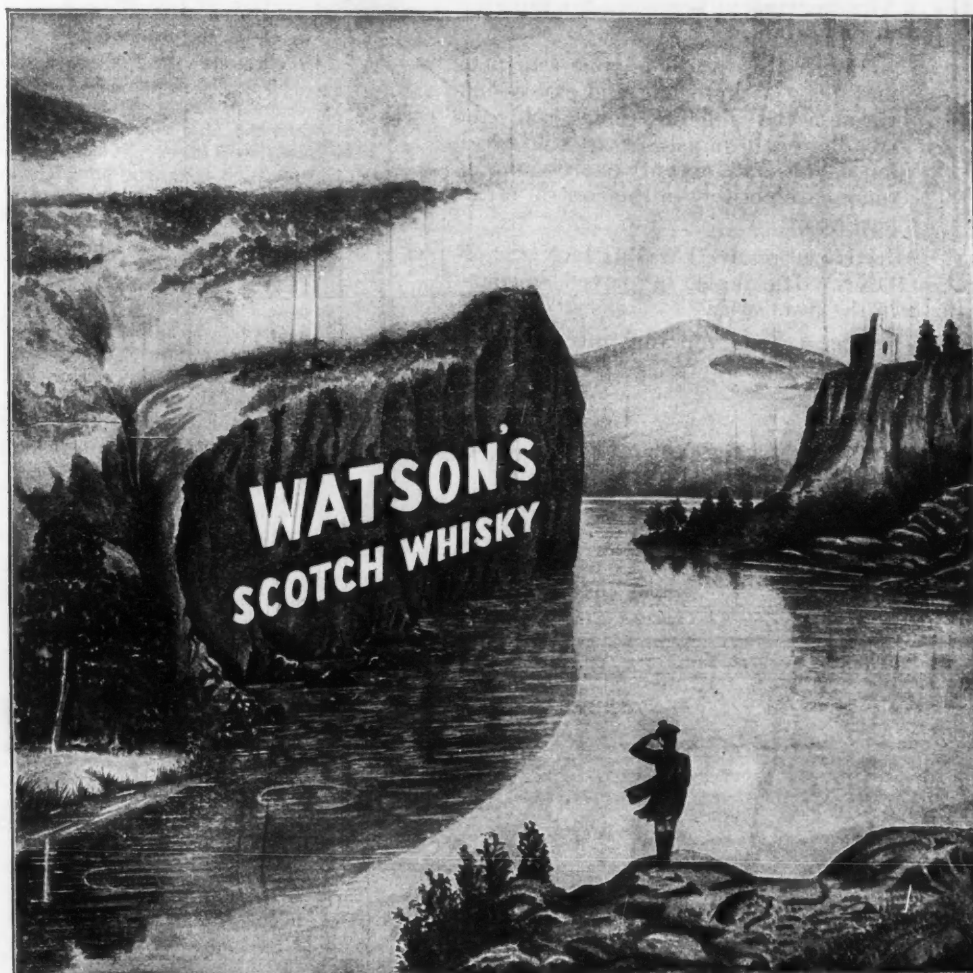


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They will find it, right here at home, in

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If all beer had to be as good as O'Keefe's "Pilsener," lots of the high priced, imported lagers would have to stay out of Canada.

Get the lager that you know is best—

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE."

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"What do you think of that, madam? Is that a fair example of what we term the 'breeding' of our children?"—Lippincott's.

Formerly the King used to race a good deal at Cowes and elsewhere.

His first racing yacht was a cutter, the Dagmar, named after his sister-in-law, the Czarina, of 37 tons. His first big racing yacht was the Aline I, with which he won the Queen's Cup twice, in 1860 and in 1867. Then came the Hildegard schooner, 112 tons (1876), which won the Queen's Cup in 1877. After that he acquired the Formosa cutter, 133 tons, which won the Queen's Cup twice—in 1878 and 1880. Aline II, followed. This was a schooner of 210 tons. The King's most famous yacht was the Britannia, which, from 1893 to 1897, won over £10,000 in prizes, and in 1895 the Queen's Cup at Cowes. Since his ac-

cession to the throne the King has not continued his career of victory as a racing yachtsman.

Torpid Thomas—"I'm a great admirer of Mark Twain, pal. He's me fav'rite author." Languid Lannigan—"Huh! Wot did he write?" Torpid Thomas—"Dunno—but I often read dat he does all his work in bed."—Puck.

Baggs—"What do you say to your wife when you come home late at night?" Jaggs—"Foolish man! What makes you think I get a chance to talk?"—Cleveland Leader.